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THE UNITARIAN

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HELP FROM ON HIGH.

A SERMON BY REV. J. COLEMAN ADAMS, PASTOR OF ALL SOULS' UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N.Y.

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."—Ps. cxxi. 1.

Those are words which do not appeal with their full force to any but lovers of hills and hill-countries. To dwellers on the plains they need interpretation. Because such men and women have only a faint comprehension of the way in which a man like the Psalmist, bred among ranges of mountains, accustomed to the sense of protection of their overshadowing heights, to the sense of freedom and elation which come in climbing their sides, to the health and strength born of their bracing airs, comes to look upon these hills which girdle his home. They seem to make a part of his life. They are his friends and his guardians. They are like dumb watchmen over his home. They are like ramparts and castles between him and his foes. He longs for them in absence. He flees to them in loneliness, he loves and looks up to them as to a Higher Power.

His hills are like a seat of the divine might, a near type of the throne of the Almighty. Now, the words of the Psalm utter his thought: "Thou dost set fast the mountains by thy strength, being guided with power." They bear in upon his soul a sense of the invisible power. They are a material sign of immaterial life and force. And so, when for any reason his heart fails or his strength gives way, or he feels the sense of dependence and of weakness, his craving and desire are for the hills. It is out of such a yearning, which any man or woman among you will understand who, from his present home on these levels of the interior, looks back to a youth among the hills,—it is out of such a craving that the Psalmist cries, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."

But he utters it, too, out of another craving and another knowledge of his nature. He knows not only how good are the high places of this earth, when brain and body are weary and the eye longs for a grander outlook. He knows, too, how consoling and restoring are the high places of the spirit when courage fails or hope grows dim or temptation presses. He has not only been on the mountains which his feet could climb, but also on the heights where God is found. And, out of his own experience as a religious man, he looks for his help from the highest forces and powers. He has evidently learned the uselessness of seeking his help from the lower resources of men, from shifts of reasoning, from conventional sentiments, from politic rules of action. When his hours of need come upon him, he does not turn to these for help, but looks higher, up to the mountain tops of the great truths he has mastered about God and his love and his providence. He has learned to look to the highest truths, the highest principles, for all of his help. Hence it is that his very next words are that confiding yet unspeakably lofty exclamation, "My help cometh from the Lord."

How much hardship and how much grief we should all of us be spared if we, too, loved the highlands of the spirit! Our mental trials, our sorrows and our temptations, are all enhanced because we try to meet and deal with them on too low a plane. We fall back upon devices and palliatives which are at best but temporary and delusive. They do not touch the root of our difficulties. They are wide of the mark at which they are aimed. There are people who are living in some dark and misty sor-

row, overcome with a gloom which seems immovable, and which is and will be immovable as long as they stick fast in their narrow faith and their short-sighted views of life. The only things they can use as even a pretence of comfort are cheap reflections on the inevitable, and comparisons with the possibility of worse things happening. No such rush-lights will dispel the darkness. They can only get away from their troubles by rising up to higher ground, standing on loftier faith in God and his providence. That is all that will cure their trials. Let them lift up their eyes unto the hills. Their help also cometh from the Lord.

I. Take in illustration our own personal lives. Why do we find our duties so hard, our faith so uncertain, our tempers so acrid? Is it not because we look for our moral resources too low down? How many of us there are who are governed simply by social bonds and the opinions of our neighbors. When we instruct our consciences, we do not look to God's law for our authorities, but to the code by which our neighbors live. We do not look up to the everlasting law of right, but down to the shifting practices of expediency. We do not seek the hills where God abides, but the valleys where men live. Most questions of right and wrong are decided finally by the custom of the neighborhood or the social circle in which our lot is cast. It will not do to be any more rigid in our morals than our neighbors are. If they recognize questionable people, we will do it, too. If they go to see doubtful plays, there is no reason why we may not. If they tamper with the dangerous drinking habits, we can venture as much. We settle our ethics by a study of our neighbors' habits. It is only the rare few, the brave, the believing, the clear-sighted, who "lift up their eyes unto the hills." But they are the only ones who find the true answer to their questionings. There is no true rule of duty save the eternal right. A lie is a lie, though all men agree to stand by it. An adultery is an adultery, though all the community agree to ignore it. Gambling is gambling, though society decks it out in its gayest liveries and most fascinating displays. The law does not alter on the heights where the divine nature enacts the statute for all eternity, because men in their valleys and lowlands, in their caves and their dens, refuse to see it and believe in it. And we shall always be losing ourselves and falling into troubles and moral disasters as long as we take the law of our life and practice not from the heights, but from the depths!

Our faith, too, is quite too much a matter of habit and education, and hence partakes of the lower tempers and traits of the earth. We take it from other men, from our fathers and mothers, from creeds, from churches, and from our Bibles; and that is right enough so far as it goes. But too often what we get from all these sources, good as they are, is only so much surface opinion, and does not take hold on our very souls; and, when any trouble comes, and losses weaken us, and bereavement darkens our sight, and treachery or enmity imbitter us, we lose our hold on what we had thought was our faith. It fails us. It vanishes. It seems as empty and as void of comfort as the conventional words with which men try to console and to cheer us. But there is another kind of faith that is not so weak. It is the kind that comes to us when we have been up the heights of thought and of experience, and there been brought face to face and heart to heart with God. The faith that is handed to a man ready made out of somebody's else heart or mind is not his. It belongs to the soul that first wrought it out. It can only be his by the adoption that comes of hard thinking and deep feeling. God must first teach it to him out of the lessons of life. That is the only faith that ever solves doubts or puts strength into weak hearts or drives the will to noble action. Theodore Winthrop used to say that every man must either accept a theology or think out a religion. That is true of all who are in the least thoughtful. But merely to accept a theology stands in about the same relation to real vital faith that reading a bill of fare stands to eating a dinner. So that he who accepts this help out of his doubts takes a broken staff. There is no lasting good to be gained from it. If you want a faith that will help you in actual trouble, you must get it for yourself, by earnest thinking and courageous looking into the mystery of life. You must be willing to go up into the solitudes of these great facts of life, love, pain,

change, grief, sickness, death, and seek from them some outlook into the breadth and beauty and beneficence of divine providence. These are the great heights of life. Some of them we call depths. But we do wrong. All the great experiences of honest hearts, every one which comes to us, aside from sin and its sequences, is a high experience. It is uplifting. It is saving. It is broadening. It blesses and sanctifies. And it is only the faith that we find on these summits that is like a rock to the feet. Do not content yourself with anything less. Do not look into the faces of your fellow-men for your faith. Look higher. Seek it in the face of the Lord. Turn seriously into your own soul. Question your own life. Ask yourself why you are here, what you are doing here, what will be left after you are done here, whither you will go when you leave here, who put you here, keeps you here, takes you hence. These are the high questions whose answers brings faith. You will get no good and lasting help for your soul until you ask these questions for yourself, take only those answers which justify themselves to your own mind and heart, and accept only the creed which has imbedded itself deeply in your own nature. I do not say that a man may not or cannot take for his own the creed put in shape by another mind. I only say that it does not become yours until you have had it from God, and not from man; that is, until it has come to you as God's revelation of himself to you, his divine word to your spirit, his affirmation of his ways and works to your own individual soul. The help you get from such a creed is help from the hills, indeed. No other can be.

Years ago I spent a night on one of the granite hills of the Pine Tree State. We pitched our camp in the pine woods that fringed the summit; and before we slept we climbed to the highest peaks, and there sat apart from one another in silence and in wonder. The moon, full-orbed, and brilliant, was three hours high in the heavens. The few pale stars that could be seen through the glory of that full moonlight glittered faintly in the depths of the firmament. And these were all the world there was for us. For the fog had rolled up the mountain sides, the billowing vapors had filled all the valleys, and drowned out the plains, and buried all but the last and topmost summits of the highest hills around us. The earth had sunk. The firm world was gone. To us it seemed swallowed up and lost. But there were the heavenly worlds—the moon, the planets, the stars—shining on and keeping their ceaseless vigils just the same. And I know it was borne in upon one heart in that scattered group of silent watchers, as it never was before, by those orators that are without speech or language, and whose voice cannot be heard, yet whose line is gone out through all the earth and their words to the end of the world, that, whatever happens on the surface of things in the lower world, in the passing lives of men, in the deeps of being there are things that abide,—God, love, duty, life eternal. The truths of those old words became from that hour forth burned into his heart,—

"Above the clouds the stars are shining."

"For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts, saith the Lord." And in times of trial, in hours of hardship and pain and loneliness, that lesson learned on the mountain top, that help from the hills, is a living force of hope and joy.

But consider one more of our daily practical difficulties, and contrast our common way of treating it with this truer and higher way of the Psalmist. We are, unfortunately, the slaves of our temperaments. Every one of us carries through this world the cross of his constitutional weaknesses and failings and faults. One man is born impatient and hot-tempered, another slow and surly, a third jealous and quick to burn with envy. God gives us each some foe like this to strive with, some special battle to fight with self. Now, it is possible to treat these tempers of ours in very different ways. Some men can never do anything with themselves except circumstances and every outside condition favor. They can be pleasant, agreeable, and considerate as long as the weather is good, and the business prospers, and friends are attentive, and the cook spoils no meals, and the children make no noise. And a pretty poor time they have of it, and a conspicuous failure they generally make. They are fair weather sailors on the seas of life, and under the buffetings of its rude

gales they seldom make anything but shipwreck. For he who has no other guarantee of cheerfulness and good temper and fairness except the favoring conspiracy of circumstance is like one who waits for his dinner until the birds of the air bring it to him. The lowest of all helps to a good disposition is this sort of mendicancy toward the elements. A man who cannot be good-natured in spite of his stomach, his thermometer, and even his neighbors, hasn't much hope of winning distinction in that direction. Neither has the man who hopes for victory simply from the considerations of selfishness and of convenience which are suggested by regard for other men's good opinion, by thinking what the world will say, by the restraints of mere self-esteem. These are helps too low and superficial to carry us through the strain of a single day of worry, fatigue, and annoyance. They may be serviceable. They can never be largely effective and saving to the soul. They are like so many slender dams across the great currents of temper, liable to be utterly swept away before the first freshet of passion. Even the most vigorous efforts at self-restraint, put forth simply in the spirit of denial and self-striving, will not lift one out of the level of his trial. He is hemmed into himself. He is getting no help from allies without, and the result in such a contest is almost inevitably against a man. You may argue with yourself that it is absurd to be annoyed by trifles, absurd to be bothered by these blinding mists, and foolish to stumble over these pebbles in the way. But nevertheless, so long as you stay at this level, so long as you gain to yourself no alliance with higher ideals and forces, you will be troubled and blinded and footsore.

There is only one way by which we can permanently and surely triumph over these circumstances. It is by getting our help from on high. It is this same process of going up to the hills for it. There are certain great passions whose clear atmosphere we enter when we go up to the heights of our own natures, in which all these petty ailments, ills, and troubles seem to dwindle quite away. Did you ever notice how easily the nurse's arm tires under the weight of the fretful, sick baby, and how tireless under that same weight is the mother's slender clasp? The difference is because the strength of the one is generated by the weekly stipend of three or four dollars, and that of the other comes out of the boundless love of a fond and devoted heart. Love lends a limitless strength to our natures, and makes them capable of the most tremendous efforts. The passions which yield to nothing else *do* yield to *superior* passions. The mind whose constant home is in the near neighborhood of these great and ennobling passions is the one which best lives down the worries and frets of life. In the very heart of busy London, where the city's roar is loudest, where the waves of business and traffic and strife and sin beat the most furiously, there are gateways and courts which will take you in twenty seconds into secluded enclosures where flowers, fountains, and green turf furnish a complete isolation and retreat from the uproar, where body and brain may find rest as absolute as in the fields or forests leagues away. Or one may turn aside into the ever-open doors of the churches, and sit in the silence of consecrated walls; and the noise of the great Babylon dies on the ears, and all its confusion becomes as a dream. Thus the busiest life may have its solitudes and its retreats, in the shelter of the great principles, the divine affections, the high hopes which a Christian life affords. And, seeking shelter and help in these seclusions where the soul is alone with God, one finds the hardships of life fairly conquered and overcome by the sweet and silent influence of that higher life. "We must go," says James Martineau, "in contemplation *out of life*, ere we can see how its troubles subside and are lost like evanescent waves in the deeps of eternity and the immensity of God. A mind that can make this migration out from the scene by which it is surrounded is removed from all vain strife of will, and gains its tranquillity without an effort; feels no difficulty in being gentle and serene, but rather wonders that it could ever be tempted from its pure repose."

Was it not such a power that upheld the Son of Man, and kept him serene and unmoved while ignorance rebuffed him, and malice pursued him, and hatred slew him? It was not the Epicurean's indifference, nor the Stoic's impassiveness, nor the philoso-

pher's studied coolness. It was the life sustained out of the vast resources of a boundless love, a sublime consciousness of a Father near at hand, of an *eternal* world overshadowing the passing conditions of *this* one, a mission whose aims conducted him high above the disturbances of men's enmity. These were the secret of Christ's serenity and sublime superiority to the common perturbations. He could conquer hunger because his meat and his drink were to be the will of his Father. He could bear the present estrangement of men because he saw and believed in the power of his cross to draw all men to himself. He could pray for forgiveness on his murderers because he loved them. When he had need of help, he lifted up his eyes unto the hills, whence that help came to him also.

II. There is another application of this thought of our text which demands a word of enforcement. Think how common, how almost universal, indeed, is the disposition to settle all our social and political questions, whatever relates to the general welfare and security of society, by appeals to the lower principles of expediency instead of a calm reliance on the higher one of justice and of right. Men are afraid to trust the conscience of society. They are afraid to lean on the law of righteousness. They take counsel of their lower selves, and fall back on the favors of the evil-minded, and their clamorous activity. They try to settle the conflicts which arise between wickedness and law, both human and divine, by compromises, by concessions, by stretching the law and minimizing the crime. And, if they can in this way get past a given crisis, round some hard corner in affairs, win an election, or accomplish a successful "deal" in business, they think they have won a great victory, and give themselves ovations on their successes. And, if we were only living from hand to mouth in this world, and there were no long processions of consequences trooping after our deeds, perhaps these exultations might be excusable. But what sort of shrewdness is there, on the very lowest plane, in building a house on quicksands, and congratulating one's self on having kept it standing long enough to get its roof on? Doesn't the shallowest intelligence understand such a temporary success only makes the final crash all the more tremendous? Every story you add to your house unstably built makes it the surer that it will tumble down at last. Why cannot men see that the victories of an evil principle, the successes bought by compromises with the moral law, are the most dangerous that can be won? Then they would not grovel and abase themselves before majorities and wire-pullers and demagogues. They would understand that these are not the men who command the conquering legions of the world. They would not live in bondage to that old lie that God always fights on the side of the strongest battalions. He never does that, save when those battalions are the champions of some eternal principle, true for all the ages. There is no permanence to the enactments which come of violence against God's righteousness. And so the only help which really helps in the solution of our moral problems is that which comes from the highest law. There never was a truer word spoken than that memorable sentence, "Nothing is ever settled in this world till it is settled right." The only help we ever get toward the permanent solution of our troubles is that which comes from the everlasting hills where God, in his holiness, maintains the eternal and changeless laws of right. If you want to be on the real winning side in this world, then vote, decide, act in harmony with the everlasting righteousness. For it is with the right as Phillips used to say of liberty, "Whether in chains or in laurels, it knows nothing but victories."

> "For right is right, since God is God,
> And right the day must win.
> To doubt would be disloyalty,
> To falter would be sin."

Do you realize, dear friends, what a tremendous power is wielded by the souls that thus put themselves in alliance with the heavenly kingdom and its forces, whose "help cometh from the Lord"?

They are the men and women of unfailing and vigorous spiritual vitality. And such people sway the world. Vital force, the strength that springs from abounding life, is contagious. And, as it runs from heart to heart, it carries influence, power, new life with it. But this life is born and fed in the high altitudes where the soul

meets with God. The indomitable resolution of a Luther is trained in the very presence of God. The unswerving fidelity of Savonarola's conscience is a power imbibed from the moral atmosphere in which he dwelt. Paul could do all things; but it was through Christ that strengthened him. Jesus himself was fed on meat which they about him knew not of. If you seek that strength which leaves its impress, live near to God. Go up on the heights; seek the high place of duty, love, and trust. Do not treat the mountains of God as so much scenery of your life, a mere background which gives it a little more picturesqueness, —just as some women use their prayer-books, as one more frippery of fashion; just as some men use their pews in church, as one more token of respectability. But let these heights be in the very foreground of your life, the near retreats to which you can flee in trial, storm, or weakness. Make them a real and present part of your surroundings, familiar, sweet, and dear, and you shall soon learn the full meaning of the Psalmist's words: "I will lift up my eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."

HERBERT SPENCER AS A THEOLOGIAN.

II. HIS THOUGHT UPON RELIGION WEIGHED.

In a preceding article I have endeavored to make as clear and careful a statement as possible of Herbert Spencer's thought upon religion. I pass on now to weigh and criticise it.

Let me at the outset express the gratification which the religious world should feel at the serious and careful consideration which he has given to a subject which so many men of science think it a sign of enlightenment to ignore, and the reverent tone in which he has always treated those faiths and aspirations of the spiritual nature, which not a few of those who set themselves up as champions of his evolution philosphy only mention to scoff at. Spencer has always recognized religion as a most precious and important element of human life. "The substance of the religious consciousness" he holds to be "permanent." Progress, alike in science and religion, has consisted in the successive shedding of all symbols that disguise unsearchable Reality. Science should not seek to suppress religion, but to purify it. "Doubtless," he says in his treatise on Education (pp. 90, 91), "in much of the science that is current there is a pervading spirit of irreligion, but not in that true science which has passed beyond the superficial to the profound." "True science," he maintains, "is essentially religious: devotion to science is a tacit worship, a tacit recognition of something worshipful in the things studied, and by implication in their cause."

It is in this spirit that Spencer has dealt with religion. His system includes profound truths. In his discussions of the religious problem he has put many neglected or unseen points in a clear light. The evolution system, into which he has put so many years of work, has been invaluable in dissipating the gloomy and degrading traditions which for so many ages have befogged the realm of religion. As fast as the conviction of the real unity of the universe and the orderly development of all things according to a few simple, regular laws has spread, just so fast it has tended to remove belief in supernatural interruptions of nature, in special providences, sudden creations, pristine paradises, the primeval fall of our race, and ruin of the world, and a host of popular traditions. His own writings, both directly and indirectly, have been no slight force in that purification of the idea of God from human weaknesses and passions which has from the first been constantly going on, but which has gained in the present generation an unprecedented momentum. And this successive dropping of the lower human attributes, and transfiguration of the idea of Deity to nobler ideals, will doubtless, as Spencer prophesies, continue, and still more refine our religious conceptions. The self-assertive, jealous Deity, the cruel tyrant of the old theology, will surely, as Spencer says, disappear. "The visiting on Adam's descendants, through hundreds of generations, dreadful penalties for a small transgression, which they themselves did not commit; the damning of all men who do not avail themselves of an alleged mode of obtaining forgiveness, which most men have never heard of; and the effecting a reconciliation by sacrificing a son who was perfectly innocent, to satisfy

the assumed necessity for a propitiatory victim,—are modes of action which, ascribed to a human ruler, would call forth expressions of abhorrence, and the ascription of them to the Ultimate Cause of things is even now felt to be difficult,—must become impossible."

Yes, Spencer is right, I believe, in this prophecy, however slow it is in coming true. It must be that such conceptions as these shall, at no distant day, be outgrown by religion. Already it is evident there is progress making in theology. And I cannot but feel that sturdy blows like these must have their weight.

But when I consider the origin to which Spencer traces back our ideas of God, or the end that he predicts for it, I cannot but think him in error. His ghost-theory of the origin of religion has not received the assent of the most eminent investigators in this field. It is not man's dreams that awaken in him the belief in God, and lead him to bow down to an invisible Power that rules his life, but his most serious waking thoughts,—his native emotions of wonder, hope, and awe; his soberest, most penetrating intuitions of cause, of underlying reality, of regnant unity; in short, those most ineradicable instincts that lead man to seek after the supernatural, and to rest content with nothing earthly or finite. To explain the origin of religion by hypotheses that leave out of view entirely the spiritual realities that constitute its substance and motor power is as unphilosophical as to seek to explain chemical changes without recognizing the existence of any chemical affinities.

When Spencer explains the worship of animals, mountains, sun, and moon by the fact that revered ancestors were named after these and made in their likeness, and then confounded with these, he absurdly inverts the natural course of things. To represent the use of the name or the totem as leading to the deification of the animal or the natural object is putting the cart before the horse with a vengeance. It would be just as reasonable to say that it is our attachment to the American flag that first made these United States dear and venerable to us,—not our love for our country that has made the flag holy in the patriot's eye. Without an anterior belief in the divineness of the being whose outward form or recognized symbol was that of the totem, the reverence of the totem itself is inexplicable. To account for man's belief in a soul within him, different from his body, and for his faith in living divine spirits behind the forms of nature, we need not go afield amidst the abnormal phenomena of dreams, catalepsy, swoons, and their attendant illusions, and from them journey on, through a long course of evolution, amidst long ages of ancestor-worship and propitiation of ghosts, to reach at last the origin of our religious beliefs.

We need, on the contrary, to turn simply to that which is newest and most inescapable; namely, *our own consciousness of an inward self* and the primitive instinct of an essential unity between our own spiritual being and the life that circles within all the forms and masses around us. The conception of personal agents behind the forces and forms of nature, so far from being an idea difficult to form, is rather one most natural to humanity. Man's own feelings, thoughts, purposes, and will are things constantly familiar to him as invisible powers which yet had power to move him and things around him. To suppose that the powers outside him were like the powers within him, and, therefore, also invisible and personal, was an inference almost inevitable. Spencer delights in illustrating with endless detail the errors and superstitions with which religion in its path of gradual evolution has strewn its course.

But this does not demonstrate its origin in mere ignorance and delusion, but shows rather that within there was a vital truth by which the husks were successively thrown off and new and better sheathing for itself constantly developed.

The cast-off serpent skin is the sign, not of death, but of a vigorous and growing life-force. Spencer's theory of the origin of religion does, therefore, not seem to me correct.

Nor can I accept, either, his prophecy of the end of religion any more than of its beginning. To anticipate that the progressive purification and enlarging the idea of God will so abolish all positive qualities in it as to transform it into "a consciousness which transcends the forms of distinct thought," and reduce it to a mere sense of

wonder and "impotence in presence of the mystery of things," would be, indeed, not an evolution of the idea of God, but a dissolution of it; not a completion of the religious temple which through the ages humanity has been rearing to higher heights and grander proportions, but its destruction.

Mr. Spencer sees in this recognition of the unknowable nature of the Ultimate Reality a reconciliation of the conflict between religion and science. It is the reconciliation of the wolf when called in as umpire between the sheep and the goat. The wolf settles it by killing and devouring both of them. The faith in which both science and religion have worked and developed has been, not a conviction of the unknowableness of Reality, but of its knowableness. While, of course, they have always recognized how much was unknown, nevertheless the faith that has led them on has always been that there was not only something to be known, but more than all they had yet attained to. So far from the doctrine of the Unknowable supplying the true basis for religion or being the most reverent attitude, it is logically, and soon would be practically, if generally adopted, the death of religion. To worship anything, we must have reason to believe it possessed of worshipful qualities. But, if the Ultimate Reality be utterly unknowable, as Spencer says, then I cannot see what reason there is to imagine it good rather than evil, wise rather than foolish, kind rather than cruel, grand and strong rather than contemptible.

That formless, "No one knows what," to which we are forbidden to assign any qualities whatever; in regard to which we must answer every yearning of the heart, every questioning of the mind, by slamming in the face of the inquirer a door on which the words, "You can never know," are inscribed,—this is practically a nothing; and it is idle to expect that either sacred aspiration or affection, filial confidence and coworking, or devout consecration should flourish underneath its pall, or that any one should go to such a fog-bank for consolation, hope, or holy communion.

But is not agnosticism, unwelcome as it is, a truth which we must admit? On the contrary, Spencer's doctrine of the Unknowable is a medley of confusions and fallacies, most remarkable in a thinker who in so many other fields has shown great clearness of thought. The doctrine has, of course, a certain measure of truth. It is the truth, recognized as long ago as the days when the Psalmist wrote, "His greatness is unsearchable," or when Isaiah put into Jehovah's mouth the words, "As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts." We cannot, of course, fathom the Infinite. We cannot know the Ultimate Reality in itself; *i.e.*, in its inmost essence. All this is true. But the conclusion to which Spencer leaps from this—namely, that the Ultimate Reality is therefore utterly unknowable—by no means follows. It is based on the groundless assumption that there is no mean between a complete knowledge of a thing and a complete ignorance of it. On the contrary, all our knowledge lies between these limits.

There is no friend so familiar to us, no bird nor flower so minutely dissected and analyzed, that we know any of them entirely and as they are in themselves. Our knowledge is always a partial one, through their manifestations and relations to us. So it is with the Divine. We cannot comprehend or fathom him; but we can and do apprehend him. We cannot carry the curve of our thought around this Being, but only a little way into that sphere. We cannot know him as he is outside of or apart from this manifestation and relation to us; but through those manifestations we can and do know him.

If the nature of the Supreme were absolutely unknowable, we could not even know it to exist, we could not even designate it sufficiently to discuss it, we could not distinguish it in thought enough even to reason about it.

In point of fact, it is evident that, though Mr. Spencer so emphatically talks about the Ultimate Reality as "utterly unknowable," he does not really hold this. The doctrine of the Unknowable is simply a weapon which he brandishes while attacking theologians and the believers in a personal deity. As soon as he wishes to defend himself on the other side from the thorough-going agnostics, such as the followers of Comte, he incontinently throws into a corner the blunderbuss with which he has sought to

rout the theologians, and, facing about, glorifies his Ultimate Reality with a plenty of very positive attributes. He now exalts and particularizes this hitherto unnamable and indescribable Being as an infinite and absolute Being,—as "an eternal energy of which all the phenomena of the universe are manifestations," as the animating and indwelling Force within all things, and as "the Cause from which all things proceed." Here, certainly, there is a good deal asserted about the nature as well as about the existence of the Supreme Being, and moreover in terms not simply negative, but positive. It is evident that, if the Ultimate Reality is in truth "utterly unknowable," all these epithets are illegitimate.

Herbert Spencer believes that he is warranted, however, in using them. It is plain, then, that to a certain extent he holds the Ultimate Reality to be both knowable and known. By what reasoning process have these terms been attributed to the Ultimate Reality, or its existence even been affirmed? By our mental obligation—to answer in words that Spencer himself has used—"to regard every phenomenon as a manifestation of some power." Arguing for the truth of our knowledge of matter, Spencer maintains that, though we know only the relative reality, yet that that stands in such a fixed relation to the Absolute Reality that knowledge of the one is tantamount to knowledge of the other. We know matter and force (according to him), and *not* erroneously, "by the persistent impressions which are the persistent results of a persistent cause." Now, if this reasoning is good for matter and force,—and to establish those attributes of infinity, eternity, indwelling energy, and omnipresent cause with which Spencer invests the Supreme,—it is good to show us much more.

Herbert Spencer has gone too far not to go farther. If he himself is unwilling to follow out his own logic, that is no reason why the theist should not pursue it.

Every phenomenon of the universe is a real and true manifestation of some element in the character and ways of the Divine Reality from which those phenomena proceed.

We need only, then, to turn to the phenomena of the creation, to learn of the character of that Ultimate Reality which is its indwelling life and creation. The cosmos reveals that order and beauty which give it its Greek name. The universe manifests that unity which suggested its Latin name.

The continual progress in the succession of living forms, in the path of history, the spontaneous activity ever climbing up to higher levels, unfolding and enlarging its powers,—this incessant growth in all fields speaks of that which alone can grow,—a life, the vital force of the First Cause.

And, as the naturalist examines nature, he finds, wherever he turns his investigating eyes, that intelligence has been before him. This order and progress are conformed to thought-relations, and classifiable in them. There are systematic plans and purposes, dominating all the contentions and hurly-burly of the world's forces. Means combine to promote ends.

The same mathematical laws and ratios are found reproduced in the laws of plant-growth and planetary revolution. The developing process, as it runs up from the insensate to the sensate, from the instinctive to the rational, moves toward the fulfilment of one grand design, causes more and more intelligence to shine forth in the world. And this manifested intelligence, permeating the world, this mind, blossoming forth from the central life, must bespeak (on the lowest physical view of its origin) that central life as also intelligent. And these exquisite adaptations reveal not only the working of an intelligent mind, but by their steady direction toward the welfare of all created things they disclose a boundless love in the Source from which all proceed. And, moreover, as we look closer at the play of the social forces and the teachings of history, as in the hour of temptation or remorse or the experience of injustice the still small voice within makes its solemn commands and admonitions heard, we are compelled to recognize a moral element, directing the movements of society and claiming always the allegiance of the soul. Intelligence, love, righteousness,—these are the three great powers whose holy alliance rules the world; and all of them imply a divine personal Being, whose qualities they are. To suppose thought-relations without a thinking Cause, or loving plans without a loving Being, or moral laws without a moral Law-giver, is like supposing

dancing without any dancer, or like asking, (as the little girl did in "Through the Looking-glass") to be shown the cat's grin without the cat.

But to Herbert Spencer such personal conceptions seem a part of that unlawful anthropomorphism which barbarians may be excused for, but the philosopher ought to have outgrown. These suppositions as to the nature of the absolute and the genesis of the universe lead, he claims, to dilemmas of thought which are mutually destructive. They are due from forgetting that the finite can never know the Infinite, and that the Ultimate Reality can have no point of likeness or difference or relation to phenomenal human consciousness. It is strange that Mr. Spencer has not himself seen that his favorite attributes for the unknowable Eternal Energy and "the Cause from which all proceed" are ideas and phrases themselves just as anthropomorphic in origin and character as the ideas of intelligence and will to which he objects. As he has himself in other passages recognized, we know force and energy only through our own sense of effort, and derive all our ideas of causation from our human experiences of initiating changes. No force is ever directly observed in nature. It is always projected into it, by the human imagination, from analogy with its own experiences. To call the Ultimate Reality the mind or will of the universe is just as legitimate as to call it the power manifested there or the life dwelling within it. The contradictions which Spencer finds between the attributes of absoluteness and cause, uniform order, and personal volition as belonging to the Infinite, are all self-made difficulties, due to taking up the investigation at the wrong end, with confused and erroneous ideas of what the terms which he handles properly mean.

The true idea of the Infinite, *e.g.*, is not such an idea as Spencer conceives it,—*i.e.*, a negation of the finite; but it is the positive conception of that which, beginning as finite, passes on beyond the limits of the finite. While the Infinite is thus ever inconceivable, in the sense of not being realizable in the imagination, it is not unthinkable, as is shown by the fact that the mathematicians use it constantly in their reasonings.

And just as the extension of a cylinder to infinity does not change it to something else, and make the whole thing incomprehensible, so the infinity of the Divine is not exclusive, separating him from his creation, and preventing all knowability; but it is inclusive, giving the positive attributes of his character, limitless enlargement, and adding to that which is known the existence of still more beyond that known.

The logical vice involved in Spencer's argument for the unknowableness of God is the very one that *savans* and logicians have been in the habit of blaming theologians for falling into. Borrowed mainly, as it was, from Mansel and Sir William Hamilton, it is in no respect a scientific argument, but a metaphysical one, and that, too, of the most flimsy kind of *a priori* reasoning. It starts with the assumption that the Divine must be at once the Infinite, the Absolute, the Cause of all things, and so on, and from these vague conceptions reasons down to the finite and the created; and, because in this process of deduction and comparison Spencer falls into a good many dilemmas and perplexities, he announces as an unquestionable result that the Ultimate Reality is in every respect unknowable, and that it is illegitimate to represent God under any of those attributes of wisdom, benevolence, will, or other personal qualities with which humanity, through its intuitions and experience, has conceived him. He turns his own inability to argue down correctly from the infinite into an assumed demonstration of the impossibility of the theist having argued up correctly from the finite phenomena of the creation to its Creator. Mathematics, however, show that arguments from the infinite down to the finite are rarely, if ever, trustworthy, while arguments from the finite up to the infinite are often sound and valuable.

If Mr. Spencer could join here in the argument, he would doubtless answer that he declines to recognize any personal traits in the Ultimate Reality, not because this Reality is perhaps inferior to human intelligence or will, but because it is too great to be conceived under any such symbols. The choice, he has written, "is not between personality and something lower, but between personality and something higher. Is it not just possible that there is a mode of Being

as much transcending Intelligence and Will as these transcend mechanical motion?" That is a possibility about which we may truly answer in the words of the agnostic burden itself, "We do not and cannot know." All we know is that personal consciousness is the highest form of existence of which we have any experience or can form any definite conception. Very likely, most likely, God's being has ranges of character and qualities vastly above human personality. The real essence of his being, probably, lies far higher. But if thus, much more than personal, this does not prevent his being at least that. It rather would imply this. For all the teaching of this very doctrine of evolution, in expounding which Spencer has made his fame, is to the effect that there is no break between the higher and the lower, but that that which is above rises gradually from that which is below, without gap in the continuity of the evolutional process. The basis of the higher is ever in the lower; and, therefore, the lower is always included in the higher. The lower is a step toward the higher, or prefigurement of it. The vegetable includes the inorganic; the animal, the vegetable; the man, the animal. Each carries the pyramid higher; but none floats in the air without connection with the other. And so the Divine, though infinitely more than any human intelligence or will, will not be destitute of that which constitutes the glory of the human. "If the energy that wells up in the human consciousness be the same as that power which is manifested everywhere in the universe, known as material," as Spencer has declared it to be, in a memorable passage, I fail to see why that immediate knowledge of this Power which we gain in our inward consciousness, when we go behind the scenes of Nature, as it were, is not good, as far as it goes. Of course, it is partial and inadequate. But it is not delusive. Spencer seems more than once on the very point of recognizing this. And, then, he falls back on his one fixed idea, (an idea absolutely unverifiable, the purest of assumptions, and which it seems strange, therefore, that he has not seen to be quite out of place in any scientific system)—that, from the very nature of finite and infinite, "the Ultimate Power is no more representable in terms of human consciousness than human consciousness is representable in terms of a plant's functions." But what is that which drew attention to his own "Psychology," and through which the great advances in modern mental physiology, to use Carpenter's expression, have been made, except precisely the method of thus presenting and explaining mental action, to a certain extent, in terms of the physical and sub-conscious domain and the phenomena of lower orders of life? Of course, it is only a small part, and that the least characteristic part of human consciousness, that can be represented by such means. So the light which human personality can throw upon the ways and nature of God is only partial. But it is not necessarily delusive. It is not an absolute nothing. Christian philosophy agrees with the synthetic philosophy in admitting that all the attributes that we ascribe to God are symbolic, imperfect representations of the ineffable perfection. But it claims that they are sufficient to point the direction in which that Perfection lies; they are sufficient to indicate, not of course the summit of the Divine Being, but some of the basic elements from which the Unsearchable Heights arise, and the direction in which these Heights lie. While these attributes of Intelligence, Will, Holiness, Personality, are admittedly but relative truths, and fall far short of the fulness of the Divine Reality, why may we not use them in the same way as Spencer himself uses the equally relative conceptions of Force and Cause, of Matter and Motion, in the scientific realm,—"as good working hypotheses,"—the only hypotheses, in fact, that in the religious sphere will work? To limit ourselves, in describing or designating the Divine, to such barren, impersonal terms as alone Mr. Spencer allows,—namely, "the Absolute," "the Infinite Energy," "the Ultimate Reality," "the Unknowable,"—this is so far from exalting our thoughts into a sphere above personality that it inevitably drops us far below it. In our attempt at surpassing height and overwhelming fulness of thought concerning the Divine, we fall into a pitiable pit of emptiness.

Though no human similitudes adequately represent the Almighty and All-transcending God, any and all similitudes are more befitting than none. However imperfect our conception of God as a personal Spirit,

a Being who wisely wills and generously loves, may be, that conception is not an *ignis fatuus*, but a genuine beacon-light, which shows the point of the compass toward which thought must move, to progress at all in the knowledge of God.

Spencer's philosophy of the Unknowable is thus open to the most serious criticism, and cannot, I believe, stand. But, in his exposition of the grand law of evolution, he has accomplished a permanent work, and one that enlarges, not restricts, the religious domain. The champions of the older theologies and the materialists who see in nature only a wheelwork of material parts, of course, consider the theory of evolution as a deadly foe of religion. But the intelligent Christian who bears in mind that matter and motion are but the masks of a deeper Power,—symbols, as Spencer phrases it, of a Cause from which all things proceed,—and who is acquainted with the strong ground that modern science and philosophy afford for reducing all forces to one Force, and interpreting this by the only Force directly known to us,—namely, Will,—ought not to be the least alarmed, but rather cheered.

Trace the origin of the universe back to the primordial atoms in the fiery nebula, yet the necessity of a Cause to produce and organize this primitive germ, capable of unfolding into this present wonderful universe, and the necessity of a Divine Life and Intelligence, sustaining, guiding, and ordering the process, is as great as ever. As Spencer himself has said: "The problem of existence is not solved. It is simply removed further back. The genesis of an atom is not easier to conceive than the genesis of a planet. Creation by manufacture is a much lower thing than creation by evolution." Evolution is not a force, but a course, a process. To work it, there is needed a Divine Power and Wisdom; and, where this is recognized, we find theology enlarged to a grander range, embracing all science in its area. The limits of Divine Creation are stretched out to the compass of æons; and for the weak and short-sighted God of the old-time faith, who alternately created and rested, started and restarted and mended, with his tool-box of miracles, his disordered or deficient world-machine, we have a tireless, omnipresent Almighty Life, informing and moving all, whose habits of action (called by us Nature's laws) were, from the beginning, perfect in their wisdom and benevolence. The process of evolution is but the continuous emergence of the divine ideas, a progressive manifestation of God in time and space. In the glory of each fresh spring-time, in each budding shrub and blooming flower,—each new species pressed to the front by the struggle for existence,—in each novel invention of these modern days, each higher thought and nobler deed of aspiring humanity, there is a fresh thread woven in that ever-proceeding incarnation by which the Divine Spirit "weaves on the roaring loom of time the garment we see him by."

JAMES T. BIXBY.

A GLIMPSE OF CALIFORNIA.

A CHAT ABOUT SIGHTS AND IMPRESSIONS IN A SHORT VISIT TO THE PACIFIC COAST.

You ask me for a familiar talk about what I have seen in my recent all too brief trip to California. The request I am very willing to grant, on the condition that you shall expect nothing that goes below the surface, and nothing at all that is new except the fresh impressions of one who looks upon the unique, the impressive, the never-to-be-forgotten sights of our great western Wonderland for the first time.

My route to the Pacific Coast was by the Denver & Rio Grande Railway to Ogden (the most picturesque of the various United States routes through the Rocky Mountains), and the rest of the way by the Union Pacific.

We entered California in the night. When the sun went down, we were on the very heights of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Deep snow lay around us everywhere, through which a path had been shovelled or ploughed for the iron horse.

In the morning we were in the splendid Sacramento Valley, amid one of the loveliest pictures of verdure and beauty that human eyes ever rested upon. The valley and the foot-hills were covered with the freshest green of the fast-growing spring grass; the early fruit-trees were in blossom; flowers were in all the fields and gardens; the air was that of an Eastern May or June. It seemed to me I had been suddenly let

down into the midst of the Garden of Eden. My stay in California was divided between the middle portion of the State (the region about San Francisco) and the south (the region about Los Angeles).

In San Francisco and its vicinity a day was given to the Midwinter Fair (which as a World's Fair is nothing, but which as an exhibition of the products of the Pacific Coast is excellent), a day to the ocean beach, the Cliffs, the Seal Rocks (and the seals), the glorious Golden Gate, and the fine Golden Gate Park; a day to the United States Mint (the largest in the country), to Nob Hill, where the millionaires live, and to Chinatown, where men who are not millionaires live; a day to the Pioneer Building, full of most interesting relics and mementos of 1849, and of the men who first laid the foundations of the city and the State, to the historic buildings of the city, to the fine Academy of Sciences, built by Mr. Lick, the founder of the Lick Observatory, and to the great wharves and docks lined with shipping from all over the world; two days to visiting our Unitarian churches, ministers, and headquarters, and our excellent exhibit at the Midwinter Fair (better than the Unitarian Exhibit at the Chicago Exposition); a day to Berkeley and its noble State university; a day to the vigorous young Leland Stanford University at Palo Alto; a day to Oakland and Alameda and the splendid hills back of them, overlooking the great bay and San Francisco; and a day to a trip to San José through the Santa Clara Valley, one of the garden spots of the world.

In the south I visited Los Angeles, a wonderful city, containing nearly a hundred thousand population, its residence section the most beautiful I saw during my absence, and its business section containing buildings quite equal to anything in Detroit or Cleveland, and showing everywhere great business activity. Here I spent parts of three days. From Los Angeles trips were taken by rail to a number of the more important and characteristic towns of that section of the State,—as Anaheim, famed for its grapes; Orange and Riverside, unsurpassed for oranges; San Bernardino, rich in climate and much else; Pasadena, perhaps the most attractive inland "resort" and hotel city of Southern California. I also took a trip of one hundred and twenty miles by steamer from Redondo Beach, near Los Angeles, to San Diego. All these days were idyllic. But perhaps most of all I enjoyed that upon the sea. The great Pacific was in the highest degree pacific, the weather was perfect, the pure ocean air was full of invigoration. One felt that he drank in health with every breath from morning till night.

Naturally, in going from the Atlantic Coast or the Middle West to California,—especially to Southern California,—the contrast is very great. Southern California up to twenty or thirty years ago was largely a barren land. Great sections are so still, because of want of water; for the rainfall is less than a third of that of the Eastern States. But large sections have been irrigated, and the touch of water everywhere works miracles. You look out upon a great orange orchard, loaded with the richest fruit, and are amazed to be told that only eight or ten or twelve years ago the ground upon which it stands was a desert. All those parts of the country which lie within reach of water are rapidly becoming as productive and beautiful as perhaps any parts of the world. And yet there is a limit. So far as now appears, very large sections can never be reached by water.

The general aspect of Southern California is tropical. Much more so than is the case with those parts of the State that lie farther north, say near San Francisco. Charles Dudley Warner has written a book upon this unique and in many respects charming region, calling it "Our Italy." And I do not wonder. Many of the features of Italy, and many of Italy's charms, certainly are here,—rugged mountains, sunny plains, tropical fruits, blue and cloudless skies, near-lying sea. Only Italy's human interest, her wealth of art and history, are wanting. These she must wait for.

One of California's poets has written with patriotic and quite pardonable pride:—

"We have the lordly Alps, the fir-fringed hills,
The green and golden valleys veined with rills,
A dead Vesuvius with its smouldering fire,
A tawny Tiber sweeping to the sea.
Our seasons have the same superb attire,
The same redundant wealth of flower and tree,

Upon our peaks the same imperial dyes,
  And day by day, serenely over all,
The same successive months of smiling skies.
These are the Alps, and these the Apennines;
  The fertile plains of Lombardy between;
Beyond Val d' Arno with its flocks and vines,
These granite crags are gray monastic shrines,
  And far to seaward can be dimly seen
The marble splendor of Venetian courts;
While one can all but hear the mournful beat
Of white-lipped waves along the sea-paved street.

"O Italy, beyond the Eastern sea!
O childless mother of dead empires! we,
The latest born of all the Western lands,
In fancied kinship stretch our infant hands
  Across the intervening seas to thee.
Thine the immortal twilight, ours the dawn!
  Yet we shall have our names to canonize,
  Our past to haunt us with its solemn eyes,
Our ruins, when this restless age is gone." *

I suppose I saw California at its best. Every one told me that April and May are its gala months. The apricot, the cherry, the peach, and the plum trees are in blossom; the deciduous trees are putting on their new foliage; flowers in gardens are at their finest; wild flowers in fields and on mountain side are in richest bloom; and the grass is green wherever there is grass at all. But by June and July the freshness is largely gone from nature, and the earth turns from green to gray. If California Aprils and Mays lasted all the year round, there would perhaps be no question in any mind about the delightfulness of California climates and California seasons. As it is, the matter is not quite so sure.

The finest wild flower I saw in California is the eschscholtzia, or California poppy, which, when seen in mass in the meadows or on the hillsides, seems to me to surpass in the brilliancy and splendor of its color effects any flower we have in the East. Of the cultivated or garden flowers of California it is hardly safe to speak, the facts seem so extravagant,—as when one tells of rose-bushes covering the whole side of a large two-story house and bearing two hundred thousand roses, or of geraniums and heliotropes forming hedges, or of fuschias growing up until they become tall shrubs and almost trees, or of callas blossoming in such profusion that a thousand blooms are used in decorating a single church at Easter.

California has some striking and noticeable trees. Her redwoods and pines are the giants of the vegetable world. The eucalyptus, imported from Australia, is now conspicuous everywhere in the State. Palms of many varieties, and some of them of surpassing grace, are also found everywhere in the south and in the warmer valleys of the north. Of all fruit-trees none seem to me quite to equal the orange. An orange orchard of darkest, richest green, loaded with fruit of deepest gold, is a sight never to be forgotten. And yet the real glory of California trees is not found in any of these, but in the live oak. Even the live oaks of Louisiana are not finer than those of Central California.

No visitor to California will fail to have it impressed upon him on every side that he has at last found the healthiest of lands, and that, if Ponce de Leon had only made his way to the region of Pasadena or San Diego, he would have discovered the Fountain of Perpetual Youth.

My observations convinced me that there is some truth and much exaggeration in all this. Doubtless most parts of California are reasonably healthy, though there is very great difference in different parts. The climate of San Francisco is a most trying one. I do not think I suffered so much from cold any time last winter in Michigan as I did in San Francisco the ten days I was there. I noticed that everywhere in the State there are numerous physicians, and they seem to do as active a business as in the East. No papers are more full of patent medicines of all sorts than the papers of California. Nowhere do you hear people complain more of having colds and rheumatism and many other ailments than there. Our Unitarian minister in Los Angeles said to me, "Oh, the number of invalids who come here from the East, hoping to get help from our climate, whom we bury within three months!"

The truth about California as a health resort seems to be about this. In many places, particularly in the south (in the interior, away from the sea-fogs), the climate

* Lucius H. Foote.

seems to be distinctly more mild, equable, and dry than in the Eastern States. Persons in delicate health, but not too far along in invalidism, going there, and adopting an *outdoor life*, are doubtless often greatly benefited. So much Californians may doubtless justly claim for their climate.

On the whole, California, though not without its serious drawbacks, is a most interesting land. Indeed, in many respects it is a fascinating land. It is a land of startling contrasts. It is a land of constant surprises. In an hour you pass from snow to roses. In five minutes you step from the desert to the most luxuriant fields and gardens. The State contains almost every possible climate. No other State of the Union, perhaps no other land of earth, has such a variety of resources and products,—timber and mines in her mountains, flocks and herds on her foot-hills, grain crops in her northern valleys, fruits on her southern plains, fish in her rivers, and commerce on her seas.

No other State has such a variety and wealth of scenery. Hardly a spot can be found that is out of sight of her glorious mountains. Everywhere the ocean is near.

Such a land is made for a great career, —and not only a great career in material things, but in things intellectual and spiritual. It is only a question of time when she will be the cherished home of poetry and the arts. She may sigh that they have not come yet. But think how young she is. How could they have come yet? First of all, a people must plough its soil and build its homes and provide for its physical necessities. After that the arts and the poetry! Indeed, in this remarkable land the arts and the poetry are already coming fast. It is noticeable that some of the most vigorous and original literature of America is already springing into existence on the Pacific Coast. This is only prophetic of what is coming. In no part of our land are the conditions better for a strong and original literature than in California.

The history of California has been short. But it has been as stirring and pregnant with great results as it has been brief. A people that has achieved so much in forty-five years need not fear the future.

Perhaps nowhere is there a greater contrast between the rich and the poor than in California. But at the same time, perhaps nowhere are rich men more disposed to use their wealth for great ends of public good, as witness the splendid bequests to education and charity of such men as Leland Stanford, James Lick, Hopkins, Sutro, and others.

Perhaps no State of the Union has a better educational system or is putting more money and hard work into her schools. This will tell powerfully upon her future.

Finally, I doubt if anywhere the prospects for religion are better than in California. Perhaps there was a more radical break in the religious lines and associations of the people who settled California than in those of the settlers of any other State. Perhaps for a time organized religion had less place in California than almost anywhere else. But this was only temporary; and it was not altogether without its compensations. Men's minds became, in a measure, freed from old trammels, and ready to accept more independent and rational forms of belief. The California people did not permanently dispense with churches, but they asked for less dogmatic and more sensible and useful churches. As a result, it is found that perhaps the best soil for sowing the seeds of liberal religion in the United States to-day is that of the Pacific Coast. Thus within the past eight years Unitarian churches have increased in number on that coast from five or six to nearly thirty.

One of the delights of my California trip was that of meeting our ministers and prominent laymen in many places, and finding how firm was their faith in the future of liberal Christianity in California.

While I was there, a fine new Unitarian church was dedicated in Alameda, one of the suburbs of San Francisco; and, if my stay could have been a little prolonged, I could have had the great pleasure of attending the annual meeting of the Pacific Coast Unitarian Conference, which was to be held in San Francisco the week after my return. But duties called homeward, and I could not stay.

In some respects Unitarianism has been fortunate on the Pacific Coast. Providence has given us there in the years past, three or four men of rare moral and spiritual quality and of conspicuous ability, who have made a

powerful impression upon that whole region. The history of the coast can never be written without giving an important place to the lives, the work, and the influence of Thomas Starr King, Horatio Stebbins, and Thomas Eliot. These men have not only helped conspicuously in moulding the educational systems, the intellectual and social life, and the moral sentiment of the new civilization in the midst of which they have lived and labored, but they have been such brave, eloquent, and persuasive advocates of the distinct gospel of liberal Christianity that they have in an amazing degree conquered men's prejudices, and made thousands ready and eager to hear its message of love and light, who otherwise would all their lives have turned deaf ears to it.

Other men also have done strong and noble work for our cause. A full dozen suggest themselves at once for mention. But I must content myself with referring to only two,—the two who have so conscientiously, energetically, and ably filled the place of superintendent of the missionary work of the American Unitarian Association on the coast. The work of crystallizing religious liberal sentiment, and giving us so remarkable an increase of new churches, has been due largely to them.

There is much more that I should like to say. I should be glad to speak of the liberal and liberalizing spirit of the new literature that is beginning to come into existence in this rising Pacific empire, and especially to point out the broadening and enlightening influence upon all things, religion included, of the two noble universities that are rising, like glorious light-houses, close beside the great capital city of this new empire. But my time is gone, and I must close.

Such, then, in brief, and told in the most familiar way, is the story of my month of wanderings in our Far West. I have found the month a most happy and restful one, filled to the brim with interesting experiences, and with impressions never to be forgotten. I shall be glad if the like good fortune may come at no distant day to many of you, of a trip as pleasant and inspiring, to that great section of our common country which must forever remain our national Wonderland,—our region of happy pilgrimages and of unfailing fascination to millions.

J. T. Sunderland.

ON THE WAYSIDE.

Not mine to climb the steep,
  Not mine to reach the height;
But, in the valley deep,
  With wavering, failing sight,
  I watch the growing light!

Not mine to see full day,
  Not mine the victor's song;
Only beside the way
  To hearken, wait, and long,
  While presses by the throng.

When Want and Misery cry,
  A shuddering grief I feel;
But empty hands lift I,
  Powerless to help or heal,
  Or meet Wrong's steel with steel.

The radiant stars are calm.
  Watch they from heavenly towers
How hosts of Good disarm
  And rout the Evil Powers
  Through slowly brightening hours?

Still presses by the throng:
  O leaders, brave and true!
March on with courage strong,
  With faith to dare and do!
  The universe with you!

The day is near, I know;
  Its glory I foresee.
My life's ebb-tide is slow.
  This, this, is left for me,—
  To joy in what shall be!

M. M. G.

FREDERICK ROBERTSON AND PHILLIPS BROOKS.

It seems impossible that such a soul as that of the brilliant young Brighton preacher should not have continued to develop and to unfold its strong wings, even far beyond their youthful flights, had he lived into these days of freedom. According to his biographer, Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, Frederick Robertson's teachings are chiefly valuable for those who are as yet undecided about their opinions. He says: "As long as this large section of men who are unsettled exists, Robertson's influence as a theological teacher will endure. But the moment a man, having used Robertson thus as a means of determining his position, becomes a declared liberal or retires into the opposite ranks, Robertson, as a theological teacher, though not as an ethical or religious teacher, ceases to be of any use to him. Therefore, when liberal Christianity, assisted as it is by the march of social, scientific, and political events, becomes the

regnant form of Christianity among the educated classes in England, Robertson will cease to possess his present wide-spread influence as a theologian. Nevertheleless, he will always be read."

We must yet allow our imaginations to picture what might not improbably have been Robertson's farther progress in the direction of untrammelled liberalism, had he lived into the present age. But he was one of those predestined to die young. In that letter, probably written by Brooke (quoted in a preceding article), are these words: "I do not think he could, under any circumstances, have lived long or ever have been serenely happy."

This, then, may be taken for the key-note of the entire story, mournfully confirmed, as it is, by the parting words of the great Genevese preacher, Monsieur Malan, to Robertson (then only twenty-five) in 1841: "My very dear brother, you will have a sad life and a sad ministry" (*Mon très-cher frère, vous aurez une triste vie et une triste ministère*). Much is said throughout Brooke's memoir about Robertson's highly wrought sensitiveness of mind and body, his inherent tendency to take tragic views, and to be unable to refrain from wearing himself out, because he never could believe that he had really done all required by duty.

It seems strange, in connection with this ever-present element of a morbid sadness, to hear Robertson often compared with Phillips Brooks. The more we analyze their natures, the more any such likeness seems superficial.

Each great Broad Churchman, pre-eminently the first preacher of his own country in his generation, might, we think, have gained much from the other. Brooks was as remarkable for his healthy optimism and his splendid physical vigor as Robertson, unfortunately, was for the reverse. Brooks's letters are like those of a cheery school-boy off on a holiday, who has cast care to the winds, and means to ignore theology and the graver side of life as much as possible until he gets home. Robertson is never weary in his letters of discussing the deepest questions of humanity and the soul. Brooks overflows with frisky joyousness, and fairly infects us with his contagious mirth. Robertson, if he by chance for a time is gay, too soon relapses into his native seriousness. In spite of all his religion and philosophy, he invariably has a tendency to "smell the mould above the rose." Brooks, at long past fifty, still seems young. His friends said, "He always was a boy." Robertson, ere thirty, is feeling old. Brooks unbends from his earnestness to a degree almost startling to those who had only known him in the pulpit, when he writes to his friends at home. Robertson, wandering in the Tyrol, often rises into a region of the loftiest prose-poetry in his descriptions of Alpine scenery, even when his burdened soul cries out in anguish at the awful problems of existence forever facing him on every side. There are numberless passages in his letters which can scarcely be surpassed for spiritual power and tragic intensity by anything which his sermons can afford.

It must be owned that, after calmly endeavoring to compare these two great preachers with each other, we feel forced to admit that the balance of genius seems on Robertson's side. His intellect is finer, clearer, sharper, and with a keener edge even to its poetic power. His mind seems always far more ripened and mellowed even in youth. It would, indeed, have been better for him, had he possessed the American's robust energy of physique, his powers of enjoyment and ability to "be a boy." Our descendant of the New England Puritans was fortunately without any morbid melancholy in his views of life. Overflowing with sympathy for all who suffered, he was yet ever ready to descend from the intellectual eminence which his own self-unconsciousness hardly allowed him to recognize, and to bask in innocent happiness like a child. It is, however, very apparent to any earnest reader that Phillips Brooks must in early life have passed through some sharp spiritual crisis which might be called conversion. There is no mistaking the ring of certain passages in his sermons tending to this point. Once fairly launched upon his long and successful career, it would seem that his mind—partly from its singularly fresh and youthful character—had remained comparatively free from doubting, while always gently tolerant of the doubts of others. In Robertson's case we know that, several years after his entering the ministry, his whole being was racked by doubts which

nearly wrecked health and reason, though he finally emerged from under the black cloud, as he said, with a faith thenceforth unalterable in God and God's goodness. But, while the references to the conflicts pertaining to the new birth scattered throughout Brooks's writings would seem to indicate only a brief season of struggle, Robertson's utterances, veiled and guarded though they are, relating to his own past agony, ring out like a trumpet-blast as they unconsciously soar into passionate outbursts of poetic prose. We will quote but one:—

"It is an awful hour,—let him who has passed through it say how awful,—when this life has lost its meaning, and seems shrivelled into a span, when the grave appears to be the end of all, human goodness nothing but a name, and the sky above this universe a dead expanse, black with the void from which God himself has disappeared. In that fearful loneliness of spirit, when those who should have been his friends and counsellors only frown upon his misgivings, and profanely bid him stifle doubts which, for aught he knows, may arise from the fountain of truth itself, to extinguish, as a glare from hell, that which, for aught he knows, may be light from heaven, and everything seems wrapped in hideous uncertainty, I know but one way in which a man may come forth from his agony scathless. It is by holding fast to those things which are certain still,—the grand, simple landmarks of morality. . . . Blessed beyond all earthly blessedness is the man who, in the tempestuous darkness of the soul, has dared to hold fast to these venerable landmarks. Thrice blessed is he who, when all is drear and cheerless within and without, when his teachers terrify him and his friends shrink from him, has obstinately clung to moral good. Thrice blessed, because *his* night shall pass into clear, bright day."

"I appeal to the recollection of any man who has passed through that hour of agony, and stood upon the rock at last, the surges stilled below him, and the last cloud drifted from the sky above, with a faith and hope and trust no longer traditional, but of his own,—a trust which neither earth nor hell shall shake thenceforth forever."

There is scarcely anything, we think, in Brooks's writings, beautiful though they are, to match this and similar passages of Robertson's with their awfulness of concentrated anguish. We feel the presence of an elect soul that impresses us with a certain awe. We are sometimes forced to feel that Robertson was too good, too ready to fling himself into the breach, and give himself away more than was his duty. We are sure that, had he carried out his early longing to be a soldier, like his father and grandfather before him, instead of sacrificing himself to his father's wish that he should enter the ministry, he would have been certain to rush needlessly into some forlorn hope, and perish in his youth. It is well that the world did not have to lose him thus, although his life, like Mazzini's, and that of many a spiritual hero, might be called a life of spiritual martyrdom, and of a martyrdom whose crown was only to become visible after he was gone. Many in this country are familiar with the engraving of the marble bust of Robertson in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. It is probably a copy of the bust executed after his death by order of an English gentleman who picked up a volume of his sermons, and was so struck by them that he had this graceful memorial made to present to the "Pavilion" at Brighton. Nothing can exceed the refined spiritual and intellectual loveliness of the features and expression in everything indicating such a nature as Robertson's, the story of whose life makes us feel the force of those words of Dr. Arnold's,—golden words, which deserve to be inscribed over the department of biography in every library,—"I consider beyond all wealth, honor, or even health, is the attachment we form to noble souls."

URSULA TANNENFORST.

Philadelphia.

IN TENT AND SADDLE IN PALESTINE.

FROM JAFFA TO JERUSALEM AND NAZARETH.

We landed at Jaffa early in March. After viewing the reputed house of Simon, the tanner, and other spots and scenes of interest, we went by rail to Jerusalem. The way lies through the beautiful Plain of Sharon, highly cultivated, and bright in places with wild flowers, and through the Valley of Ajalon, where "the sun stood still and the moon stayed" while Joshua and

the people avenged themselves upon their enemies. Arrived at Jerusalem, we were not to see it for several days yet. Except for a few miles in the south around Jerusalem, and in the north about Damascus, the only method of travelling in Palestine or Syria is on horseback. We were booked both for the "short tour" to the Dead Sea and the Jordan, and for the "long tour" to Damascus, Baalbec, and Beyrout. It was wisely decided to take the short tour before "doing" Jerusalem, to give an opportunity to recover from the fatigue of our first horseback riding ere we started on the longer journey. Shortly after five o'clock, therefore, on the morning after our arrival, we were called to begin our first trip. My horse did not exactly run away with me, but walked away, following his mate in another party. Our first lesson in Arabic was to learn to say "whoa." We had also to learn the Oriental method of using the reins, as, when we attempted to handle them in American fashion, the horse executed a dance which was disquieting to body and spirit.

We rode through the Valley of Jehoshaphat, around the Mount of Olives, and past Bethany. An armed Bedouin sheik then joined us for our protection. While this protection is a species of blackmail, it is at the same time necessary; for without it the traveller is considered legitimate prey by the Bedouins *en route*. The present Pacha of Jerusalem has begun a vigorous policy for the protection of travellers. Still, outrages have been committed this season. All the natives carry arms, generally the old flint-lock musket.

We have a picturesque ride of five hours down steep slopes, through bleak and rugged hills and mountains, and stop at length at the inn of the Good Samaritan for luncheon. It was asserted that a part of our repast had been left over from the Good Samaritan's time. Still, it was none the less acceptable. We mount again for another four hours in the saddle, and go through wild gorges, at the bottom of which tumbles the Brook Cherith. Hither Elijah fled from the wrath of Jezebel, and was ministered unto by the ravens. The Greeks have built a beautiful monastery before the cave in which the prophet lodged when the Lord manifested himself in the strong wind, the earthquake, the fire, and, lastly and mostly, in the still small voice. We come at length to the Plain of Jericho. On one side rises the Mount of Temptation, honeycombed with the cells in which monks and anchorites formerly dwelt. On the other, across the Jordan, are the Mountains of Moab, with Nebo and Pisgah, associated with the last days of Moses. We spend the night at Jericho, thought by some antiquarians to be the site, not of the ancient city of that name, but of Gilgal, where Saul was made king, and where Samuel called the people together in solemn assembly. The place now is not much but a heap of rubbish in which a few natives have made their huts. A massive, square ruin is pointed out as the house of Zacchæus whom Jesus visited.

This was the land of milk and honey. Of honey there is plenty now, as wild flowers are abundant; but of milk there is none except that of goats The palms, for which the place was celebrated, have disappeared; and the wild thorn-tree has taken their place. But the mounds which here abound, and the trees of ancient irrigation, attest that this was once the centre of a flourishing civilization.

We are stiff and weary from our first day's hard ride. But here, especially, there is no rest for the weary. So we are up with the sun, our second morning out, for a ride to the Dead Sea. In the clear, bright atmosphere it seems close at hand. But it is miles away, and we ride nearly three hours under a blazing sun to reach it. It is a beautiful sheet of water, pleasant to the eye, though bitter to the taste; clear and blue, giving no hint that it is the abode of death only. We enjoy a most delightful bath (March 8) in the placid waters, and come out encrusted with salt, which makes a plunge in the Jordan desirable to get the salt off. We come at length to the Ford of the Jordan, where tradition places the crossing of Joshua with the Israelites, and the baptism of Jesus. The Jordan is a disappointing stream, small and unpicturesque, and so muddy that all but two of our party refused to enter into its waters. Still, it is sacred with historical associations; and we were glad at being able to stand upon its bank. We recross the flat alkali waste which here extends along the Dead Sea and the Jordan, and are again in Jericho.

The day following we went back to Jerusalem, passing through Bethany, where, of course, everything connected with Mary, Martha, and Lazarus is shown; over the site of the village of Bethphage, where now stands a Greek church; and over the Mount of Olives. This mount is especially attractive on account of its own beauty, the grandeur of the view which it affords, and the sacred associations which gather round it. The garden of Gethsemane lies almost at its base on the Jerusalem side. We reflect that here the Holy One of Israel prayed in agony of soul, and at last said, "Thy will be done," having now the strength which enabled him to drink the bitter cup.

The Dead Sea is more than 1,300 feet below the level of the ocean; Jerusalem, 2,600 feet above that level. The difference in temperature between the two points is great. To pass from the one to the other is like going from Florida to Maine. While we suffered from the heat at Jericho, we ran into a violent hail-storm at Jerusalem. We had come from summer back to early spring. The storm increasing, and giving every indication of lasting for some time, the tents were abandoned for a hotel. All but one of the hotels of the Holy City are outside the walls. Inside the walls it is so dark and damp and dirty, so cramped and narrow, that modern enterprise establishes itself outside.

Jerusalem, seen from a distance,—from the top of any one of the many hills which compass her round about,—is a grand and imposing picture. Standing on a sort of plateau which rises high and abruptly on every side but one, her massive walls still intact, the city is fair to look upon. In size it is about three-fourths of a mile in length and the same in breadth. By walking smartly, one can go entirely around the city outside the walls in a little more than half an hour. The population is about 40,000. The walls are about forty feet high; but, being almost entirely surrounded by a deep gorge, or valley, they seem much higher. Three gates, adorned with Turkish soldiers, are sufficient for the entrance and exit of the people. There are two more open, but they are little used; and two have been permanently closed.

Seen near to, and in detail, the city is miserable and squalid. The narrow and uneven streets prevent carriages from entering the city. A loaded camel or donkey takes up three-fourths of the width of most of the streets. These are arched over, and made into bazaars. The most interesting streets are so dark that they cannot be photographed.

I shall not delay with the sights of Jerusalem. The Church of the Sepulchre and the Mosque of Omar are its chief attractions. The former is divided amongst the Greeks, Latins, and Armenians, who hold their services at the same time within a few feet of each other. The effect is something like Babel. The Greeks seem to be in the lead, possessing the spot which is the "*exact centre of the earth*," and whence the Lord took the earth for making Adam. We were shown Pilate's judgment hall, the Via Dolorosa, the house of Caiaphas. The fact that Jerusalem has been utterly destroyed, and every trace of the ancient city obliterated, does not deter the churches from locating all places definitely. The city has been so levelled that Mounts Moriah and Zion are only a few feet above the general level. The valley between them has been filled in with nearly one hundred feet of débris.

But, though Jerusalem is squalid to-day, it has been, is now, and perhaps always will be the chief centre of interest for Christendom. Here the prophets taught. Here the thought of one God, and he a God of love, came into being. Here David overcame his enemies. Here small bands of brave souls met the armies of Nineveh, of Babylon, of Egypt, of Greece, of Antiochus, and of Rome. From here the people were led away captive. Hither they returned, a forlorn hope, and again became a nation. Richard and Saladin, Crusader and Saracen, have fought beneath these walls: the shout of battle has often caused the hearts within to tremble or to thrill; and still the star of Jerusalem is rising, and will again shine in glory. Though Israel has been tossed about like a ship on a stormy sea, the ship never sank, but rode the waves, in hope, if not in triumph; and Jerusalem has ever been at once both star to guide and anchor to hold. From these gates Christ went forth to die, and Paul to teach, carrying the light of truth through an ever-widening circle which shall at length embrace the world.

From Jerusalem we made excursions to

places of interest in the neighborhood. At Bethlehem we were surprised to see in the Church of the Nativity a Turkish soldier standing with loaded musket beside the manger and the star of brass, ostensibly to keep the eastern Christian sects from fighting each other. But the Christians claim that the soldier is only a libel on their faith, kept there by the Mohammedans to counteract the efforts of the Christian missionaries among the natives.

The Russians possess many of the sacred sites in and about Jerusalem. There is much rivalry between them and the Roman Catholics. This rivalry leads to a multiplication of holy places. Thus there are two Calvaries with holy sepulchres, two places where John baptized Jesus, two Mounts of Transfiguration, two Jerichos, two Gilgals, two places where Elijah was fed by the ravens, two wells into which Joseph was cast, and, as we found later, two places of Annunciation at Nazareth, two sites of Bethsaida, Chorazin, and other cities on the Sea of Galilee. This multiplicity is not entirely due to ecclesiastical rivalry, but partly to the differences of scholars, and somewhat to the desire of ambitious localities to be hitched to an historical or holy star.

But, whether any sacred site be possessed by Greek or Roman, it is utterly *ruined*, covered with brass and tinsel, the trappings of an offensive theology flaunted everywhere. One is not even allowed the privilege of silence; for the mummery of their priests is ever resounding.

After a four days' sojourn at Jerusalem we set out for Damascus, a bright, clear sky overhead, but underfoot one of the worst apologies for a road civilized man ever saw. The horses must clamber for hours over bowlders and between jagged rocks, in such a manner as to give their riders, if not themselves, a distressing shaking up. None but a sure-footed Arab horse could travel such ways with safety. The way leads over the hill Scopus, where Titus had his headquarters during the siege of Jerusalem. From this point the view of the city is magnificent. On we go through miles of nothing but mountains of bare stone and hills of bowlders,—not a solitary bird or beast or inhabitant to be seen, only now and then a traveller from some distant village. Palestine, from a few miles north of Jerusalem, could supply the world with stone fences, and never miss the material. The rockiest parts of New England are a fertile field compared with this region. Indeed, such is the desolation that the capitalist of the party remarked that he would not give three cents an acre for all Palestine. He was answered, So much the more credit is due those sturdy souls who in former centuries made these hills support a nation. For this they did. One can see that these hills were formerly terraced to their tops, and were green with the olive and the vine. But through centuries of devastation and neglect the soil has been washed away, leaving only the rocks beneath. We, at length, pass Gibeah where Saul was born, and Ramah, where lamentation and bitter weeping were heard, and make our first halt at Bethel for luncheon. Here Jacob, on his pillow of stone, dreamed of the angels ascending and descending. At Bethel is now a squalid village, but numerous ruins tell of former grandeur. The next day we go over the site of ancient Shiloh, important as a religious centre in the time of the Judges, where Eli dwelt, and where Samuel ministered before the Lord. We go down into the field of Joseph, where we see signs of fertility and cultivation. The wheat is eight or ten inches high; and dozens of women are pulling out the weeds, or *tares*, as they call them, not allowing them to grow unto the harvest. We come soon to Jacob's Well, and drink from its depths. The Crusaders built a church over the well, and in the destruction of the edifice the well was filled with rubbish. Within the past two years it has been reexcavated to the depth of seventy feet. The original depth was much greater. There is no doubt that this is the spot where Jesus spoke with the woman of Samaria concerning the living waters, and uttered the immortal words, "God is a Spirit; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." Near to the well rise Ebal and Gerizim; and a half hour's ride between and beyond them brings us to Nablous, the Neapolis of Vespasian, the Sychar of the New Testament, and the Shechem of the Old (Gen. xxxiii., xxxiv.).

Our tents were pitched the second night out in a grove of old olive-trees, some of

them six feet in diameter. The Baptist missionary, a native of the place, told us they were two thousand years old, and were called Roman trees, because planted under Roman rule before the Christian era. We visited the Samaritan synagogue. These strange people are now fewer than two hundred in number, and are not so worthy of the title "good" as was the man in the parable. They possess three old manuscripts. You pay to see the oldest, but are shown the most recent one. They tell you that for more "backsheesh" you may see the most ancient; and, when that process has been gone through with twice, you see the manuscript of the Pentateuch, which they claim is thirty-five hundred years old, but which the expert of the British Museum says dates from the fifth century A.D. In the evening the high priest sent his son to sell us genuine leaves from the oldest manuscript. We did not buy.

The ride from Nablous to Samaria over the mountains was of surpassing interest and grandeur. From above we could see the people reterracing the hills and reclaiming the land. In the valleys the almond and the apricot were in bloom, and the fig-tree was putting forth her leaves. The city of Samaria was on a noble plateau, high above the plain. From it the Mediterranean on the west, Hermon, clad with snow, on the north, the mountains beyond Jordan on the east, and the hills around Jerusalem on the south are distinctly visible. Hundreds of columns are to be seen, some dating from the Herods, some even from the idolatrous Ahab. It must have been a magnificent city at its best.

We descend into the beautiful plain of Esdraelon, where armies have met in battle array from the time of Barak down to our own day. We pass through a wretched village on the site of the ancient Jezreel, where Ahab built a famous palace near to the vineyard of Naboth, which the king coveted. We drink of the fountain where Gideon picked his three hundred men, ride through the Shunem of the Old Testament, take luncheon at Nain of the New Testament, and Saturday night, at the end of our fourth day from Jerusalem, go into camp at *Nazareth.* Never were mortals more grateful for the day of rest. Ten hours a day in the saddle over such trails as we traversed make even the natives, born and bred to it, weary. It seems incredible that nearly the whole of Palestine should be utterly destitute of roads. Those constructed by the Romans have reverted to their original state or were destroyed in time of war; for hundreds of years all travel has been on foot or horseback, and all transportation by camels or donkeys. So the idea has not occurred to the natives that anything more than a mule-path is necessary. Our way was now over great bowlders, again through mire which threatened to engulf the horses, up or down steep banks where there was danger of going over the horse's head or over his tail, along a niche half-way up the side of a hill or mountain, across swift brooks and small rivers where horse and rider seemed about to be swept away, along watercourses, sometimes dry, sometimes with all the water the horse could breast, over tumbled-down Roman bridges, and at times through deep sand. The vileness of these ways cannot be exaggerated. An Arabian saddle is about as complex as an American harness. We often had to dismount, and let the horse find his own way down some rocky slope. In one place the path was not wide enough for one of our luggage mules and his burden, and both went rolling down the steep. And yet this is the highway between Jerusalem and Damascus. We allowed to the old historic place the title of "Hades No. 1"; but parts of the road we labelled "Hades No. 2," "Hades No. 3," etc., up to a dozen or fifteen. And one place was "worse than Hades." Imagine our joy, therefore, at the prospect of a day of rest in beautiful Nazareth.

But I am reminded that my letter is already quite long enough. So I will stop here, reserving for your next issue a description of this interesting and sacred spot, and an account of our journey from here to the Sea of Galilee, through Northern Palestine, to Damascus, to the ruins of Baalbec, and across the lofty Lebanon Mountains to Beyrout.

T. G. MILSTED.

Beyrout, Syria.

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
Are thy returns!—even as the flowers in spring. —*Herbert.*

ROBERTSON SMITH.

The Smiths are many; and hence convenience long since united with affection, admiration, and a growing fame to name as simply "Robertson Smith" the distinguished scholar whose recent death has thrilled with poignant sorrow the whole world of liberal religious thought. To no one have the common people of this liberal religious world been more indebted during the last quarter of a century than to him. Among great Biblical scholars he has been one of the greatest; but his special function has been that of bringing home the results of the best modern scholarship to people of good average intelligence. For these his work was substantially completed, and the wide regret caused by his death is rather for the friend who has been such a helper than for the loss of some anticipated good. But it is this loss which appeals most strongly to the scholars of his own rank, and those approximating to their standing. The last years of Dr. Smith's life had been given to original research. He had earned the right to this enjoyment of his great natural powers, and he had entered on it with a hearty zest. The fruits of his research were two remarkable volumes, one on "Kinship and Marriage in Early Arabia," and the other on "The Religion of the Semites." Nothing that he did before counted for so much with scholars as these two volumes. And from their author how much more could justly be expected, seeing that he was but forty-seven years old. But we shall have no more.

William Robertson Smith was born at Keig Tough, Vale of Alford, Aberdeenshire, Scotland, Nov. 8, 1846. His father was a Free Kirk minister, and early went about to educate his boy for his profession. He could do something in Hebrew when he was six years old. His education was private till he went to Aberdeen University. His theological training was carried on at the Free Church College in Edinburgh, under Prof. A. B. Davidson, afterward one of his best contributors to the Encyclopædia Britannica, and in Germany at Bonn and Göttingen, under "the most learned and exacting of professors," Paul de Lagarde. For a time his inclination to physical science was strongly marked, and he even became a teacher of physics. If Weismann is right in his idea that genius is hereditary, but talent a matter of education and environment, it is conceivable that Robertson Smith's genius might have produced a scientific talent as striking as the theologico-critical which he finally developed. Hardly could it have been so useful to mankind. But his training in physical science did not run to waste. It went to the shaping of his critical mind. It rendered it impossible for him to weigh evidence in the ordinary theological scales.

But he was only twenty-four years old when, in 1870, after teaching physics two years at Edinburgh, he became professor of Hebrew in his own university of Aberdeen. There he remained until 1881. In 1875 he began to write for the ninth edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica. His first article was "Angel," his second "Bible." While the Presbyterian mind was musing upon these, the fire of indignation gathered strength; and when, in 1880, the article on "Hebrew Language and Literature" appeared, that fire broke out and roared for Prof. Smith's punishment as a heretic and blasphemer. In August of that year a special committee was appointed to consider this article. In October the committee reported him as teaching that certain statements of the Scriptures were not trustworthy, and that God was not their author. He had called the Song of Songs "a lyric drama," and Jonah "a parable"; two chapters in Isaiah he had said were "originally published as broadsides"; and he had declared Ezra and Nehemiah to be "singularly destitute of literary merit." The report of the committee was adopted, and he was enjoined to stop teaching until the General Assembly should take up his case and dispose of it. In 1881 the General Assembly, by a vote of 394 to 233, sustained the report of the committee; and Prof. Smith was deprived of his chair, but allowed to retire on half-pay, —a shrewd device to prevent the interference of the civil courts. There was no conviction of heresy, though this should have been an easy matter in the light of that article of the confession which reads, "the Old Testament in Hebrew and the New Testament in Greek, being immediately inspired by God, and by his singular care and providence kept pure in all ages, and therefore authentic."

At the time of his deposition Prof. Smith was described as a man of small stature, with a round, cheerful, beardless face, with dark, brilliant eyes. For some time before his death he suffered from a distressing malady of the brain and spine; and one who saw him not long ago represents him as terribly emaciated, and his hair as white as snow. Perhaps his health was broken by the studious habit of his life; but, as a general thing, the brain is much more apt to suffer from disuse than from abundant exercise. For his reputation and success and usefulness the action of the General Assembly was most fortunate. Appealing to the general public, in 1880 he gave a course of popular lectures on "The Old Testament in the Jewish Church," and in 1881 another course on "The Prophets of Israel," which attracted splendid audiences, and, when published, had a remarkable sale. The General Assembly had done its best to advertise his heresy, and so far the success was eminent, but there was more to come; for in 1881 he was made assistant editor of the Encyclopædia Britannica, and from that time forward he was immensely influential in determining the character of its theological and critical articles. He surrounded himself with men after his own heart. He went to Germany for Harnack and Wellhausen, the latter's article on the "History of Israel" being the most significant article of the whole series. Smith was, in fact, the continuator of Wellhausen, and his master Kuenen, and one of their first interpreters to the English mind. When Wellhausen's larger "History of Israel" appeared, Prof. Smith wrote a commendatory preface. There was more between these two great scholars than the bond of scholarship: they were personal friends. To the influence of Prof. Smith we are also indebted for the thoroughly scientific article of Edwin A. Abbott on the Four Gospels, to the authenticity of the Fourth Gospel frankly adverse. Prof. Smith could not have had a better chair for the propagation of a scientific understanding of the Bible than the chair of assistant professor on the Britannica. All other influences combined have not done so much to spread that understanding among the laity of England and America.

When he set out, he was quite alone among scholars nominally orthodox in Great Britain. Dean Stanley had been an eager follower of Ewald, and even Ewald was a monstrous heretic to the orthodox mind. But from Ewald to Kuenen and Wellhausen the step was a gigantic stride. With Ewald, Deuteronomy was the youngest portion of the Pentateuch, its date 621 B.C., just seven hundred years after the time of Moses, to whom it is definitely ascribed in the Biblical introduction. It was the work of Kuenen, following the hints of Vatke and Graf, to show that the Levitical legislation of the Pentateuch, comprising the most of Numbers and Leviticus and much besides, was produced more than a century later than Deuteronomy, and not published until 445 B.C. These critical conclusions have wide-reaching connections with the whole body of the Old Testament literature. They are by no means merely negative. They build anew the literary and religious history of Israel. As early as 1874 Kuenen's "Religion of Israel" was translated in England under Unitarian auspices, which did not commend its doctrine to the conservative mind, and did not make it any easier for Prof. Smith to take his isolated and heroic stand. But he was equal to the call. He lived to see himself surrounded with a company of English scholars cordially accepting the ideas of his great masters. They are embodied in Driver's "Introduction to the Old Testament." Cheyne has not only accepted them, but gone far to better their instructions. Their echoes sound on every side. Even the High Church authors of "Lux Mundi" yield to them a strange, equivocal assent.

> "All can raise the flowers now,
> For all have got the seed."

Of Prof. Smith's later works I have already spoken. The "Kinship and Marriage in Early Arabia" and "Religion of the Semites" were written in connection with his professorship of Arabic in the University of Cambridge, England,—a professorship in which he passed from one chair to another with increasing honor, at the same time being made librarian of the university. Evidently, Cambridge had no fear of his heresy. But he had taken no backward step. Prof. Cheyne hailed him a few months ago as "still in the vanguard of critics."

There was a certain discrepancy between his critical and theological mind. It was less marked, however, than with Prof. Briggs, the scholasticism of whose theology is in amazing contrast with the scientific character of his critical results. There are many who insist that there is here no real discrepancy,—that the Higher Criticism is perfectly consistent with the peculiar inspiration of the Bible, and with the traditional theology of the churches. If it is so, that criticism is a matter of no great importance. If it is not so, the contrary persuasion has a function which must not be incautiously despised. It is a buffer which softens the jolt of the transition from the old things to the new.

JOHN W. CHADWICK.

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*MARY A. HEMENWAY.**

The sudden death of Mrs. Hemenway was a calamity to Boston. There is no circle which has to do with the higher life of Boston where her presence was not needed and where her absence is not felt. For in the best enterprises of education, of science, of fine art, of health, of patriotism, of philanthropy, of religion,—in all those affairs where religion has to do with the uplifting of the world,—even in the practical detail of all our best affairs, she might always be relied upon. Her large wealth was spent most liberally, wholly unselfishly. More than this, her knowledge of affairs, and what seemed like an intuitive wisdom, directed her strategy against evil.

Mrs. Hemenway was born to a large fortune. She was the daughter of Thomas Tileston, a merchant of the city of New York, one of the princes of the sea in the days of our large foreign commerce. His argosies brought us tributes from every land. From him or from somebody she inherited or gained in early life her habit of studying affairs in a comprehensive fashion, taking a broad view, not only of immediate, but of permanent results.

The following are a few of her great and noble gifts to this city and to the country at large.

She was the leading spirit in inaugurating that great movement for the popular study of history which began in what was called the "Old South Courses," and is now working its wonders, not only here, but in many other cities.

So soon as the Civil War ended, she took upon herself the whole charge of important institutions of education in the Southern cities. If her dear friend, Gen. Armstrong, were living, he would be the first to say that but for her unflinching support, in good report and in evil, for nearly a quarter of a century, the Hampton Institute would hardly exist to-day.

Herself a connoisseur of no mean ability, her hand was present wherever encouragement was needed for fine art. Once, when she had paid a sum at which princes would have hesitated for one of Hunt's Niagaras, she said simply, "I would not pay so much for pictures if I could not arrange that the public should have the good of them."

At the present moment the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics is maintained wholly at her charge,—one would say with princely munificence, but that princes do not do such things. In this school a body of young women, who are to be the gymnastic teachers of their sex, are trained not only in the physical exercises of a gymnasium, but as students in a medical school might be trained, with laboratory work, in physics, in psychology, in chemistry, in anatomy and biology, in hygiene,—indeed, in sanitary science in general. The staff of instruction brings together fourteen teachers who would be recognized among our leaders.

Again, the whole system of training in cooking in the Boston schools, which we believe to be superior to any public system in the world, is due entirely to the plans thought out by her. She instituted the schools. She carried them on, asking from the city nothing but pupils, till the triumphant success of the whole was such that the school committee was glad to adopt them as part of the public system. Then she transferred the whole plant, with all that her experience had gained and her wealth had purchased, to the use of the public.

Yes! And this is the same Mrs. Hemenway who, at her own charge and without thinking of help from the outside, set on foot and has carried on the great archæological expedition which has brought to light such invaluable results in the explora-

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*From the Boston *Commonwealth*.

tions made in the South-west of our nation. Her attention was challenged by the visit of the Zuñi chiefs to this city in the year 1872. Beginning with being their friend, she went much further. She secured the service of the men of science who were only eager to carry forward intelligent research as to the antiquities of those regions; and by her promptness and liberality she has thus secured, before it was too late, the clews to a satisfactory knowledge in that remarkable department of history.

Side by side with matters like these, of the kind which are generally left to academies or public bureaus, Mrs. Hemenway had a watchful eye for the needs of individuals and for the best work of our local charities. We owe it to her that the Old South Meeting-house stands and will be a perpetual monument of the Puritan life of Boston. Every public enterprise which was worth helping was well-nigh sure of her liberal subscription, and no one but the Recording Angel can tell how many homes which would have been haggard and hungry have been made cheerful and glad by her almost omnipresent tenderness.

She had known, like the rest of us, what sorrow is. At a moment of acute trial she once cried out, "For every pang that I have suffered a thousand pangs shall be relieved." That promise she fulfilled in a measure which is more than a hundred-fold.

EDWARD E. HALE.

EIGHT CHILDREN IN A DUNGEON.

A PARABLE.

Let us suppose that a certain father with whom you are acquainted, living in the country, invites you to visit him, for the purpose of witnessing his system of family government, of which he thinks he has some reason to be proud.

You accept the invitation, and after dinner he says, "Now I want to show you my children." So he takes you out into the orchard, where the trees are blossoming, and birds singing. There is a swing, and lawn tennis and croquet and all games which children love; and, under one of the trees, a table holding a bountiful supper, all ready for the little ones when they shall weary of their sport. Here you find four children, who at once leave their play, and run to meet their father, and throw their arms about his neck, and kiss him upon both cheeks; and each vie with the others as to who shall show the most affection. Then the father's cheek flushes with honest pride, his eyes glisten with loving gladness, and he says, "Are they not splendid children, and ought I not to be a happy man surrounded by such a family as this?"

To all this you of course give a cordial assent. But presently you say: "Are these your only children? I was told that you had twelve." Then a momentary shadow darkens the father's face, and he answers: "Yes, I have eight others. I will show you them if you like."

So he takes you back to the house, and gets a lantern, and leads the way down a winding stair that seems endless. In speechless amazement you follow him into cellars beneath cellars, while bats fly out of crevices and brush your face with their loathsome wings; and at every step the gloom deepens and the air becomes more chill and poisonous.

At length you reach the lowest dungeon,—a room where the walls are covered with what seems the slime of centuries, and the earth is gray with mildew, and spiders swollen with poison have their webs in every corner, and rats with hideous clamor scurry away before your approaching footsteps. Here you find eight children huddled together, clothed in scanty rags, their bodies starved to skeletons, their faces bleached to the whiteness of wax, like plants which the sun has never kissed. "These," says your conductor, "are the rest of my children."

Very naturally, you inquire what they are doing here; and you hazard the guess that perhaps they have been imprisoned for some disobedience, and will be released just so soon as they submit to their father's will. Even this limited cruelty you are disposed to criticise, and to urge that some less severe form of punishment would have equally served the purpose of reformation.

But he answers: "No, I shall never let them out. At the beginning I resolved that I would be surrounded only by children who loved me and whom I could love. So, long ago I gave them a day of trial. They had fair warning. I told them that those

who were obedient during that day should be rewarded with a perpetual picnic, but that those who were disobedient should be shut up in this dungeon, never to come out again. The result is as you see. Eight of them sinned, and four of them preserved their goodness. My system of family government has perfectly succeeded. I have separated the evil from the good. These eight are shut up here where they will never cause me or their good brothers and sisters any further trouble; and the four whom you saw out in the orchard are so frightened by the fate of the others that there is no danger of their ever disobeying me again. Thus I have accomplished what I purposed. I am surrounded by children who love me and whom I love."

Now, what would you say to that father? Why, you would say: "Your system of family government has not succeeded at all. It is the most barbarous and wicked thing that ever I heard of. Doubtless every child is under an obligation to obey its father; but, on the other hand, every father is under an equal obligation to do his utmost for the welfare of his children, following them through all their evil ways with loving reward in one hand and equally loving retribution in the other, and never despairing of their reformation. This plan of a single opportunity, a limited probation, is all wrong. You cannot thus easily lay aside the responsibilities of your fatherhood by shutting your bad children up where they will give you no further trouble, and then enjoying the society of your good ones."

The fact is that no one would approve of such a system, unless it were the children out in the orchard; and they would indorse it only because they did not dare to question its righteousness for fear that they also might be sent to the dungeon.

This parable is told as an illustration of the subject of divine retribution. As a fact no human father can be found bad enough to consign two-thirds of his children to hopeless misery for any cause whatever. What then shall we say of God? Is he more unjust and more cruel than the worst man? No system of ingenuity can avoid the conclusion that what is wrong in the human parent could not be right in the divine Father. To tell me that I, too, shall be sent to the dungeon if I question the justice of the decree which sends my brothers and sisters there, is an argument to my selfishness and cowardice, but not to my reason and conscience. When every possible apology has been made, the fact remains that the commonly accepted belief attributes to God precisely the kind of triumph over his disobedient children as the czar of Russia achieves over his rebellious subjects when he shuts them up in the Siberian mines. In fact, more reason and justice are displayed in the latter case than would be in the former; for the Siberian punishment has an end, and consists in the performance of useful labor, but the suffering endured in the eternal prison would be utterly wasted. If I believed that God was the author of such a decree, I should say that he was an evil deity; but, since I believe in his goodness, I cannot believe him guilty of such a purpose.

If God is not merely an omnipotent autocrat, but the loving Father alike of his good and his evil children, then his will must triumph, his purpose must be achieved, and his method of family government be justified, not by the annihilation or the perpetual imprisonment of the sinner, but by the annihilation of his sinfulness, the enlightenment of every darkened intelligence, the suppression of every evil impulse, and the development of every latent possibility for goodness in every soul, thus fitting it for an eternity of holiness and happiness. This is the only triumph worthy of a God. God triumphs only by changing his rebellious subjects into loving and dutiful children; and, since that is not accomplished even in the majority of cases by the imperfect discipline of this world, it must be achieved by the perfect education of the next. If not, then the God who rules the universe is not the loving Father whom Jesus revealed. J. F. THOMPSON.

Akron, Ohio.

When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to thee.

—*Faber.*

Whoever has a contented mind has all riches. To him whose foot is enclosed in a shoe is it not as though the earth was carpeted with leather? — *Hindu* (*Hitopadesa*).

NATIONAL UNITARIAN CONFERENCE OF GREAT BRITAIN.

THE MANCHESTER MEETING.

The Fifth Triennial Conference of Unitarian and other non-subscribing churches of Great Britain was held in Manchester from April 10 to 13. Manchester is the centre of vigorous Unitarian churches. The pulse of life beats strongly and healthily in the Unitarian communities of Lancashire, Cheshire, and Yorkshire. Religiously as well as commercially, Lancashire manifests the spirit of enterprise; and the Unitarians are no less animated by the spirit of progress than their orthodox neighbors. Their characteristic energy was manifest in the fulness and completeness of the arrangements for the conference. The delegates came from East and West, North and South, the contiguous districts naturally supplying a large contingent. They were accorded the heartiest public welcome on the afternoon of the first day. Mr. James R. Beard, one of the sturdiest and most earnest representatives of Unitarianism in Manchester, and an able exponent of it, a former president of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, and a brother of the late Rev. Charles Beard, spoke the words of welcome to the English delegates; and Rev. S. A. Steinthal gave a warm-hearted greeting to the foreign representatives.

Mr. Beard was happy in his description of the cosmopolitan character of Manchester. They had, he said, long welcomed French and German, Moor and Jew, Dane and Greek, to share in their busy city life. In their great Owen's College, now a university, they welcomed the intellectual fruits of every age and race. Now they were glad to welcome representatives of churches in other lands who, like themselves, sought without dogmatic pledges for truth wherever it might be found. Unhappily, but few of such representatives were present; but letters of sympathy had been received from several, amongst others from your Dr. Grindall Reynolds. Rev. C. Eliot won all our hearts by a response for the churches of the United States, breathing a rich spirit of brotherly kindness, and couched in graceful terms. Pastor Hocart of Brussels—always welcome on the platform of English Unitarians—gave an interesting account of his work, and of the general attitude of the Belgians, not by any means sympathetic, toward freedom of thought in religion.

The reception was followed by a Communion Service held in the historic Cross Street Chapel, the mother of many a valiant soldier in famous battles for civil and religious liberty, the originating source of many a movement for social and moral reforms, the scene for more than half a century of the ministry of Rev. William Gaskell, husband of the novelist. The service was conducted by Rev. S. A. Steinthal, who delivered an address of impressive spiritual power. The very large attendance appeared to prove that some recent appeals in the *Inquirer* for a change in the present kind of service had not lessened the attachment of those who value it to its existing character.

The conferences of Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday it is impossible to adequately summarize; and, rather than serve up a mere skeleton, I will state my general impressions. In respect of numbers the conference equalled any of the previous gatherings, while in respect of the continuously large attendance at the successive diets it takes the first place. Forty years ago the *Times* solemnly announced that Unitarians in England, as a religious body, were dead. If that were so, I can only say that there has been a wonderful resurrection; and an army, certainly not small in numbers, not weak in militant power, not ill-clad with weapons, and assuredly more charged with life, courage, and hope than ever has arisen out of the valley of dry bones, and for the same reason as life came out of the ribs of death in Ezekiel's vision,—because the spirit of the Lord has blown upon them. Earnestness pervaded all the meetings. That there was a warmth within the heart was felt by all. Enthusiasm is gaining more play amongst us. We are becoming alive to our great responsibilities, conscious of the value of our principles and beliefs, impressed with their application to the theological and religious needs of the day. This consciousness is naturally accompanied with increasing fervor, with not less breadth of thought, but with deepened intensity of spirit.

Besides earnestness, another marked feature of the meetings was their religiousness. I do not mean frothy pietism, nor what Carlyle calls "religiosity," but a strong, healthy, and high-toned spirituality. The devotional services each morning were a real baptism of the spirit, moments of "visitation from the Most High God," and they gave the key-note for the day. Throughout the meetings the response to every declaration, and even hint or allusion, on the importance of emphasizing the affirmative and spiritual side of our faith was eager and emphatic. This was particularly marked when Rev. Frank Walters, in his powerful paper on "The Literature of our Free Churches," pleaded for books of devotion, as well as of theology and philosophy, to be produced by our poets, prophets, and saints. In the storm and stress of our modern life, in the hurry and worry of the exchange and the market-place and the street, there is more need than ever of silent hours of meditation wherein we may gather "the harvest of a quiet eye"; for where there is no vision the people perish. I hope that Mr. Walters's appeal may be met, and that we may obtain from our prophets books for which we have now to go to other sources,—books which will help us into the mount of high thought and spiritual vision.

The grand gathering in the Free Trade Hall, which fitly completed and crowned the proceedings of the conference, was a revival meeting of an inspiring and ennobling kind; and it is for that reason I mention it in this connection. It consisted of addresses by Mrs. Ormiston Chant, Rev. Messrs. W. Binns, T. W. Freckleton, and R. A. Armstrong, on various aspects of "Our Message to Freethinkers." Not many "Freethinkers" of the type it was hoped to attract—that is, secularists—were present. The major part of the vast audience consisted of our own friends; but the four addresses were a real revelation of the spirit. Wisely eschewing points of doubtful disputation, the speakers confined themselves to their deepest spiritual convictions, and their presentation of the realities of theistic faith was devotional and uplifting. One felt that some of these speakers were uttering personal experiences, speaking of a struggling, perplexing, troublous, hopeful, and aspiring life they had themselves known. For earnest seekers after the more reasonable thought of God, duty, life, religion, nothing better has come from our leading teachers for many a day than these four strong, spiritual, catholic addresses. I came away from the meetings by no means weakened in my conviction that our work in reforming theology, in restoring Christianity to the simplicity of Christ's own teaching, is still urgent, important, imperative, but at the same time strengthened in my conviction that there is growing up among us a real heart and soul need for a religion that shall quicken the spirit, and impress it with the sense of God and divine things. A pure, enlightened, rational theology? Yes; but along with it a religion that shall be spiritual nutrition for human nature's daily need, righteousness, peace, joy in a holy spirit.

Besides the earnestness and religiousness, another marked feature was the ardent interest in social problems. But a few years ago the discussion at our National Conference of such questions as wealth and poverty would have been equivalent to a charge of dynamite. So imperious have these and kindred questions become that a consideration of them is not only willingly but eagerly welcomed. Rev. Charles Hargrove read a paper on "The Churches and the Poor." He did not believe that churches could themselves organize the means of uplifting the struggling poor. Their proper function was to preach the word of righteousness, and, in reference to wealth, to emphasize the fact that wealth is a sore temptation and hindrance, that service is success, and that each should seek the good of all. These principles would revolutionize society; and revolution was certainly coming,— peacefully if Christ heads the movement, violently if the Church preaches peace when there is no peace. The discussion on this paper went off into generalities, chiefly on the socialistic assumption that wealth was never more callous and poverty never more dire, capital never more selfish and tyrannous, and labor never more oppressed than now. Rev. P. H. Wicksteed infused a high tone into the discussion by maintaining that a higher moral and spiritual life in rich and poor alike is necessary to human progress.

On "The Duty of our Churches to Tem-

perance" Rev. R. A. Armstrong made a powerful and impassioned plea for total abstinence. None who heard the paper could doubt that it came out of a full heart burdened with a sense of the misery and woe caused by drunkenness, out of an imperative and imperial conviction of duty. It was a paper charged with a prophet's consuming fire. Rev. W. Binns, from the side of temperance as distinguished from total abstinence, read a paper which was undoubtedly smart, clever, brilliant, rich with points of characteristic humor, and sparkling with sallies at the expense of total abstainers. Mr. Binns, who is sometimes the incarnation of the very spirit of mischief, succeeded in evoking loud laughter. But his levity of tone in the first part of his paper was totally unworthy of the gravity of the subject it discussed. He did not, however, confine himself to poking fun at total abstainers. When he came to soberness of mind,—for he had been drunk with the intoxication of his own tricksy spirit,—he strongly urged reforms in our licensing laws, commended the high license system adopted in some of our States, and the Gothenburg system advocated by Mr. Chamberlain. This is a policy for which there is not a little to be said, on which agreement between temperance men, total abstainers, and the best class of publicans should not be difficult of attainment, and in which, possibly, lies the most practicable, effective, and permanent solution of the problem of the drink traffic.

These papers were listened to with close attention, which sometimes broke out in a passion of enthusiasm. Besides these papers, Rev. Copeland Bowie, the able and energetic secretary of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, read a paper on "Our Missionary Duties and Opportunities," and Rev. Dr. Brooke Herford on "Congregational Support and Independence." Perhaps the most important discussion to our own churches was one which I have left to mention last, though it came first in the order of proceedings. This was on the "Mutual Relations of our Colleges and Churches." Mr. H. Rawson, a cultured and influential layman of Manchester, who has made a special study of this subject, led off with a paper in which he advocated a learned ministry. He said that one-sixth of the present occupants of our pulpits were men without collegiate training. This he deplored, especially as other denominations are insisting on higher qualifications year by year. Why did not candidates come forward? Stipends were low, yet they were worse formerly, and other professions had corresponding difficulties. Manchester College and the Home Missionary College ought to be better supported by both funds and students. Short pastorates were undesirable, yet they were on the increase.

He deprecated, amid loud applause, the practice of advertising for ministerial candidates, and urged greater care in avoiding "preaching tramps." The colleges should send men who would feed the religious needs of the age, and not mere distributors of speculative doubt. Rev. L. P. Jacks, successor to Rev. Charles Beard in the pulpit of Renshaw Street Chapel, Liverpool, and just about to become Dr. Crosskey's successor at Birmingham, opened the discussion with a speech which diverted attention from Mr. Rawson's paper, and directed the debate into another channel. He addressed himself to the curriculum of Manchester New College. His central point was that the college had been made to subserve the ideal of a free theological academy rather than an institution for the training of practical ministers. He contended that the stress should be reversed. This speech provoked an interesting discussion, in which Rev. Profs. Drummond and Carpenter, Dr. Brooke Herford, P. H. Wicksteed, C. J. Street, Dendy Agate, C. Hargrove, with Messrs. I. M. Wade, Grosvenor Talbot, Dr. Blake Odgers, and others, took part. The preponderance of opinion appeared to be in agreement with Mr. Jacks; and, among those "silent members" of the Conference who have been communicating their impressions of the meetings to the *Inquirer*, it is noteworthy that the Manchester College ministers support the contention of Mr. Jacks, and urged that the college should aim predominantly at training ministers for our churches. This discussion is a seed that will grow, and doubtless bear fruit in the future curriculum of the college.

Now, whatever other good these conferences promote, they promote the one grand end of tending to unity of spirit, concentration of our forces, cohesion of movement.

Out of them, I believe, will come, just now, that combination which we have long sought, and sought in vain,—the combination of our traditional freedom with effective organization. While among our individual churches there are signs of activity and life, these conferences are hopeful signs with regard to our aggregate denominational life. It used to be said that our churches were but a rope of sand; and many a disparaging contrast was drawn between our want of organization and the well-drilled union of more popular churches. It seemed to be a question of liberty *versus* strength, and men doubted if we had not bought our freedom too dear. It is so no longer. We are working out the problem how to keep free and yet be united and strong. It is not a problem that can be wrought to its practical solution in a day; but we are gradually finding out how, from the attractive power of common sympathies, we may weave ties of fellowship and co-operation, if not as stringent as those of ecclesiastical government and discipline, yet more elastic.

S. Fletcher Williams.

London.

CONSTITUTION OF THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE.

To the Editor of the Unitarian:—

Many readers of the *Christian Register* must have read with deep regret the proposed revision of the Constitution of The National Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches. The regret is, doubtless, equalled by the surprise which it elicited. To such readers the protests of Rev. Mr. Cuckson and others are welcome. They are, I trust, an earnest of numerous voices of dissent among our ministers and churches.

Probably no one believes that the Unitarian Church would repudiate its Christian name,—a name the claim to which it has always stoutly defended against the denial, by other churches, of our right to it. Why, then, should it be stricken from the Constitution of the Conference composed of delegates from Unitarian churches? That Unitarians, Trinitarians, Protestants, Roman Catholics, Jews, Mohammedans, Buddhists, and Agnostics can consistently work in unison for temperance, peace, and other philanthropic enterprises, no one denies; but they cannot unite in the propagation of each other's distinctive beliefs.

What is the religion of Unitarians? Is it not the Christian religion? Do we not sometimes claim that it is pure Christianity, divested of metaphysical dogmas hard to be understood? Earnest opposition has been aroused by proposals to change the name of Unitarian,—a name honored by venerable and dear associations. Is not the name of Christian more venerable, more sacred, far dearer to us? If we are disciples of Christ, though some other churches deny our claim, how can a conference representing in any degree the Unitarian Church consistently repudiate the name of Christian? If it be not a Christian body, what is it?

What is the purpose of this movement, and whither does it tend? Its expressed purpose is to extend the limits of the Conference to "delegates from any church or other affiliated organization." In this connection the word "affiliated" is somewhat vague. In what degree, for what purpose, affiliated? Catholicity is a gracious element in ecclesiastical bodies until it leads to the sacrifice of their vital principles, and thus effaces their essential character. Is not an invitation to our fellowship extended to "all who wish to be disciples of Jesus" sufficiently catholic?

Will the next step in revision be the elimination of the phrase, "kingdom of God," in order to satisfy some of the Western Conference, who think that too narrow and exclusive? If the National Conference chooses to re-establish itself upon a new basis, and announce itself as a body organized for general philanthropic work, no religious name or profession should be expected of it; but, if it represents the Unitarian church, surely, it should not repudiate the name which that Church claims for itself, and for which its saints and martyrs have made a good confession.

Mary Grew.

Philadelphia, Pa.

ONE UPWARD LOOK EACH DAY.

Sunday.

Where is God?

The parish priest
Of austerity
Climbed up in a high church steeple,
To be nearer God,
So that he might hand
His word down to the people.

And in sermon script
He daily wrote
What he thought was sent from heaven;
And he dropped it down
On the people's heads
Two times one day in seven.

In age God said,
"Come down and die."
And he cried out from the steeple,
"Where art thou, Lord?"
And the Lord replied,
"Down here among my people."

MONDAY.

The Blessing of Service.

New blessings every morning,
New blessings still at eve,
Our lives with goodness crowning,
We, as Thy gift, receive.
As are the stars in number,
As are the seashore sands,
So many are the bounties
Still flowing from Thy hands.

But of Thy gifts the sweetest,
The dearest, is that we,
Our selfish needs forgetting,
May work and give like Thee.
The world and all its sorrows
Our hearts, like Thine, can feel;
And we, as Thy coworkers,
Can teach and lift and heal.

Then to this holy mission
We pledge ourselves anew:
We give our minds to seeking,
Our hearts to love, the true.
And, grateful for Thy goodness,
We join with Thee to bring
The day when, as in heaven,
Thou on the earth art King.

—*M. J. Savage.*

TUESDAY.

To Pray is Right.

Be not afraid to pray. To pray is right.
Pray, if thou canst, with hope, but ever pray,
Though hope be weak or sick with long delay.
Pray in the darkness, if there be no light.
Far is the time, remote from human sight,
When war and discord on the earth shall cease;
Yet every prayer for universal peace
Avails the blessed time to expedite.
Whate'er is good to wish, ask that of Heaven,
Though it be what thou canst not hope to see.
Pray to be perfect, though the material leaven
Forbid the spirit so on earth to be;
But, if for any wish thou dar'st not pray,
Then pray to God to take that wish away.

—*Hartley Coleridge.*

WEDNESDAY.

Little Kindnesses.

If you were toiling up a weary hill,
Bearing a load beyond your strength to bear,
Straining each nerve untiringly, and still
Stumbling and losing foothold here and there,
And each one passing by would do so much
As give one upward lift and go their way,
Would not the slight reiterated touch
Of help and kindness lighten all the day?

If you were breasting a keen wind, which tossed
And buffeted and chilled you as you strove,
Till, baffled and bewildered quite, you lost
The power to see the way, and aim and move,
And one, if only for a moment's space,
Gave you a shelter from the bitter blast,
Would you not find it easier to face
The storm again when the brief rest was past?

There is no little and there is no much:
We weigh and measure and define in vain.
A look, a word, a light, responsive touch,
Can be the ministers of joy to pain.
A man can die of hunger, walled in gold:
A crumb may quicken hope to stronger breath;
And every day we give or we withhold
Some little thing which tells for life or death.

—*Susan Coolidge.*

THURSDAY.

Doubt.

Then fiercely we dig the fountain,
Oh! whence do the waters rise?
Then, panting, we climb the mountain,
Oh! are there, indeed, blue skies?
And we dig till the soul is weary,
Nor find the waters out.
And we climb till all is dreary,
And still the sky is doubt.

Search not the roots of the fountain,
But drink the water bright;
Gaze far above the mountain,
The sky may speak in light.
But if yet thou see no beauty,
If in doubt thy heart yet cries,
With thy hands go and do thy duty,
And thy work will clear thine eyes.

—*George MacDonald.*

FRIDAY.

To Truth.

Descend, thou angel of the flaming sword,
And here, upon the noisy battlefield
Of creeds, make known thy presence and thy shield
Whereon is writ the message of the Lord!
Thou shining one, amidst the helpless horde
Of those who grope in doubt's dark regions, wield
Thy gleaming weapon till the shadows yield,
That all may see and worship in accord!

Strike from the slave of ignorance his chain,
And from the eyes of superstition tear
The blinding fillet and reveal the light!
Thou messenger of God, descend, and reign
Upon the earth, and set his standards there,—
Torches to guide his children in the night!

SATURDAY.

Love Deeper than All.

It is not the deed we do,
Though the deed be never so rare,
But the *love* that the dear Lord looketh for,
Hidden with lowly care
In the *heart* of the deed so fair.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The proposed revision of the Constitution of the National Conference has aroused a good deal of discussion. This is well; for the matter is one of considerable importance, and should be acted upon only with careful deliberation. A meeting of all interested has been called to meet in Channing Hall, Boston, Tuesday, May 29, 4 P.M., for the purpose of freely discussing the situation. It is to be hoped that some satisfactory solution of the problem will be developed from the deliberations of this or succeeding meetings. We would suggest that such solution can be reached, not by any vocabulary skirmish and changing of phrases, but simply by dropping the bone of contention. This can be done by eliminating all preamble and preface from the constitution, and adopting the common name of "The National Unitarian Conference" with the necessary articles for the conduct of the affairs of the Conference.

At last our Japanese Mission is comfortably and adequately housed. Japanese papers bring us accounts of the impressive dedication of the new Unity Hall in Tokyo, which has been in process of erection for a year past, and which will now be the home of all our missionary activities. The building is excellently located in the city, and is pleasing in its architectural appearance. It is two stories in height. On the first floor are a large reception-room, an office for the secretary of the Unitarian Association, a room for the use of the students of the Theological School, a room for the professors, an office for the Unitarian magazine and the Post-office Mission work, and a large fireproof library and reading-room. Upstairs, reached by a wide, well-lighted stairway, are five lecture-rooms for the use of the Theological School, and a large assembly hall seating nearly four hundred, which will be used for commencement exercises, lectures, and church services. At the dedication there was present a company of invited guests that filled the hall to its utmost capacity, among the number being the American minister. Besides the devotional exercises and music on the organ, there were four addresses in the Japanese language, by men of influence in educational and religious circles in Tokyo, who are friends of our cause, and an address in English by Prof. Clay MacCauley. Mr. MacCauley's address was a clear and impressive statement of the principles which underlie the free, rational, progressive Christian movement which he represents. It closed by dedicating the building to "Truth in Religion, to Righteousness in Morality, and to Peace in Social Order," and by consecrating it "to the service of the people of Japan."

As was to be expected, our Unitarian missionary work in Japan has not escaped criticism. Among the many charges made against it in different quarters, perhaps the most prominent have been these two: first, that it has attracted very little attention and is producing very little effect; and, second, that it has virtually abandoned the Christian position, and is really playing into the hands of the Buddhists. A very complete answer to both these charges comes to us from a Buddhist magazine published in Japan, quoted in the *Pacific Unitarian*. Says the organ of Buddhism:—

"Christianity and Materialism are the enemies of Buddhism; but Unitarianism is most to be feared, because, while it is near to Buddhism in objecting to Christ's deity and in its sympathy with the idea of evolution in humanity, it is still but Christianity colored by science. It is well suited to the intelligent, but it is yet a pioneer for the importation of Christianity. Unitarianism shines before human eyes; it has the spirit of Christianity; its humanities and scientific character commend it to men. It will

doubtless become the religion of many people in our country. Some among us say that, unless such beliefs as those of Unitarianism become prevalent, the glory of future Japan is not to be hoped for. The tolerance of Unitarians, as compared with other Christians, makes their faith dangerous. Some of our people incline to this faith because Unitarians do not make war upon them. And some of us hold to our faith merely out of pride in it as a legacy from the past. It is not many years since Unitarianism came to Japan; but already orthodox Christianity fears it, and now it has begun to encroach upon the Buddhistic field, as we may see in the alliance of Mr. Saji with it, and in its influence upon others wandering from our fold. Our priests are becoming faithless to their duty. They reject the progressive thinkers of our own faith who appear among us. This is the Unitarian opportunity. Many progressive Buddhists will enter the Unitarian Church. Is not this cause for sorrow? Look, ye priests, at what is going on around you. The thing to be feared is Unitarianism. Why cannot Buddhists find some way to spot Unitarian advance?"

Seldom has there been a more notable Unitarian gathering than the Fifth Triennial Meeting of the Conference of Unitarian, Non-subscribing, and Other Free Christian Churches of Great Britain, recently held in Manchester, a very full and interesting report of which we give in our present issue. It was one of the largest Unitarian conventions ever held in England, as it was one of the most earnest, hopeful, and forward-looking in spirit. Everything seems to indicate that our cause in England was never more prosperous, united, or vigorously alive than it is to-day. Read Mr. Williams's report if you would feel the spirit of our English brethren, who under discouragements far heavier than any we know in this country, and in the midst of conditions in nearly every way less favorable, are holding aloft the banner of our common faith with a devotion and a courage that may well stimulate, if it does not shame, us in America.

We are in receipt of a communication from Rev. Ransom A. Greene of Lowell, Mass., calling attention to what he regards as an unfortunate omission in the excellent article of Rev. Charles E. Perkins in our last issue, on "Unitarianism and Universalism." Mr. Perkins claims an ancient origin for Unitarianism, but does not make a similar claim for its sister faith. This is doubtless merely an omission, easily explainable by the limited scope of the article, which permitted only a few things to be said about either one of the faiths discussed. But we are glad to have Mr. Greene call attention to the fact, too little known, that Universalism is not a new doctrine in the world, or in connection with Christianity. "Universal ism," he writes, "was prominently taught long before the Arian controversy. Both Clement of Alexandria and his celebrated pupil Origen antedated Arius by nearly a century, and I am not aware that any competent students of church history deny that they were Universalists." There are many evidences that the doctrine of "eternal hope," or a probation after death, was widely held in the early Church, and in many places at least was not regarded as heresy. Mr. Greene quotes this interesting passage from Ballou's "Ancient History of Universalism," regarding the condition of things in the Church at the beginning of the third century: "It appears that, of the orthodox Christians, some believed the eventual salvation of mankind after a future punishment of the wicked, while others held the doctrine of endless misery. This diversity of opinion, however, occasioned no divisions, no controversies, no contentions among them; and both sentiments existed together in the Church without reproach." This condition of things, however, did not last. As the creeds of the fourth and fifth centuries came into more general acceptance, as "orthodoxy" grew harder, narrower, and better defined, and as the Church came under the dominance of an ecclesiastical hierarchy with its head in imperial Rome, the early Universalism, as well as the early Unitarianism, of Christianity fell under ban as heresy, and little by little passed away. And yet there never has been a time, even in the midst of the "dark ages," when there have been wanting rare souls, with clearer vision and larger sympathies than their fellows, who have clung to the early Universalistic, or to the early

Unitarian, thought. It is not without reason, therefore, that our Universalist brethren claim for their movement to-day that it is, in a measure at least, a return to early Christianity.

By the death of Rev. Edgar Buckingham of Deerfield, Mass., on April 30, there was removed from our ministerial circle, not only one of the oldest of its members, but one of the choicest of its spirits. His life and work had been so quiet that he was less widely known than many a younger man of far inferior qualities, and of far less enduring service to the world. He had passed his eighty-first birthday. He was a graduate of Harvard College and Divinity School, having as classmates in the former (class of 1831) the historian Motley, Charles Sumner, and Wendell Phillips. He held pastorates in Dover, N.H., Trenton, N.Y., and Troy, N.Y., besides his last pastorate, that at Deerfield, which extended over a full quarter-century. He was never what would be called a popular preacher, but his sermons were always valuable in thought and of a remarkably high spiritual quality. He wrote a good deal for periodicals, especially the religious papers and magazines of his own religious body. As a writer, he was fresh and interesting, abounding in quaint, apt, and suggestive expressions which arrested the attention and were not easily forgotten. He was a loving and tireless pastor, and bound his people to him with bonds of affection that nothing could sever. He lived close to nature, studying all her moods, noting all her ways, finding in her constant companionship and delight. The flowers of his garden were to him almost as children. He was always greatly interested in education. Every genuine social, political, or moral reform was sure to find in him an earnest and valuable though quiet helper. He was modest and shrinking in his nature to a degree that was sometimes almost painful, and yet few men were ever morally braver when it came to the matter of saying the word that ought to be said or doing the act that ought to be done. He was almost perfectly unselfish, living always not for himself, but for others. His gentle and beautiful life was a silent inspiration to all who knew him: his memory will be held sacred by hundreds.

As we go to press, another heresy trial confronts the Presbyterian Church. It is yet too early to predict how long it will last or what will be its outcome. The accused, Prof. Henry Preserved Smith, late of Lane Theological Seminary, Cincinnati, is a warm friend of Dr. Briggs; and the questions involved are essentially the same as those of the Briggs trial. The case may be quickly disposed of or it may be protracted through a long and severe contest. It will be remembered that hardly was the Briggs trial over before the condemned professor issued a call through the New York *Evangelist* to the liberal Presbyterians of the United States to rally for the defence of his friend, Dr. H. P. Smith, and thus "use every lawful method to undo the damage which has been done to the fair fame of Presbyterianism." "Let no one leave the ranks," he urged, "let no one flinch from the struggle. Let the bugle sound from ocean to ocean, from the gulf to the great lakes, a call to arms of every man who loves the Presbyterian Church." That Dr. Briggs has a considerable following is plain. This came out clearly in connection with his trial; but, whether that following is sufficiently strong to insure the acquittal of Prof. Smith, those who best know the character of the General Assembly now convened at Saratoga are much disposed to question.

Departments.

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

The New York Unitarian Sunday School Union is one of the latest proofs of increased interest in Sunday-school work. It has held successful meetings through the winter. At one of the sessions a paper was read by Mr. Thomas W. Butts of Unity Church, Brooklyn. The Union voted to have it printed. It is now issued in tasteful pamphlet form for free distribution. The title is "Religious Education: How shall the Child be taught Religion, and Who shall teach him?" The essay is very systematic, and offers an outline of a graded system. It commends the manuals and lesson leaflets of the Unitarian Sunday School Society for the use of pupils. As the directions are somewhat elaborate, it is far better for those who are interested to read the pamphlet itself, so we will not undertake to give a synopsis. Copies can be obtained of

the New York Unitarian headquarters, or from the Unitarian Sunday School Society, 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

Another significant pamphlet, though on more general lines than the above, is "The Problem of Childhood," a sermon by Rev. John Cuckson of the Arlington Street Church, Boston. This so impressed Mr. Cuckson's congregation, when delivered, that it was requested for publication and free distribution. Copies can be had of the Post-office Mission, Arlington Street Church, Boston. The discourse traverses the fundamental principles which ought to govern parent and teacher in the handling of young life. It contains several important key-notes.

The sixty-seventh anniversary of the Unitarian Sunday School Society brings forward the following talent: Rev. Augustus M. Lord, subject, "The Place and Influence of Personal Character in Sunday-school Instruction"; Rev. William H. Lyon, subject, "What are the Chief Inspirations to Faithfulness in Sunday-school Teaching?" Miss Lucy Wheelock, subject, "When I was a Child"; Rev. Thomas R. Slicer, subject, "How can the Sunday-school re-enforce the Public School?" Rev. Samuel R. Calthrop, subject, "Teaching about God." These meetings at King's Chapel on Thursdays of Anniversary Week have become exceedingly popular and equally helpful.

A visit to one of our Sunday-schools, where the sixty-sixth anniversary of its existence was held, led me to think again of the value such occasions possess. There ought to be a wider recognition in our Sunday-schools of such an event. It leads the scholars to consider what the past history means, to esteem more highly the services of the teacher, and also to redouble loyalty. It is an opportunity for the teachers to look back, in order that they may look forward with more hope. That is to say, it is only by looking across quite a stretch of time that one really beholds certain gains and satisfactory results in Sunday-school instruction.

So far as my observation goes, there is not enough attention paid in our Unitarian Sunday-schools to reviewing. There are two great gains when judicious reviews are maintained as a regular habit. First, the facts and information that ought to be retained are brought up and more vividly impressed on the memory. And, second, there is an opportunity offered in the review to get the right proportion, bringing to the front that which is essential, and leaving out that which is secondary. In the hurried teaching of every Sunday this cannot be done. By all means this feature should be developed more if we would deposit in the children's mind that which is to stay and also that which is worth keeping.

There is a grave error on the part of many of our parents, and occasionally with our ministry, in assuming that children do not care for association and the transactions growing out of it. It is often said, "The children have all these things at home," or "These children can have much better plans made for them in every-day life," the result being that the Sunday-school is considered as no place for incorporating little usages, kindly ways, and commemorative events. All this is greatly a mistake. Children like to do things together. The child of richest surroundings is glad to get a pot plant on Easter or to share in some common joy at Christmas. The ordinary attachments of the Sunday-school are of more importance than the adult imagines. In other words, it is because they are doing these things as a school that creates the attraction.

This last thought leads me to the central cause of half our failure in Sunday-school affairs. People wonder why the Sunday-school does not prosper more. The answer, so far as our denomination is concerned, might readily be, Because there is not enough faith in it, not enough dignity given to it, not enough belief in its expanding possibilities. There is more gold and less dross in it than the average judgment decides. Imperfect it is, inadequate frequently it is, in part desultory it no doubt is; but, after all, it is an organization capable of meeting certain wants and fulfilling certain needs not otherwise met. The first thing to do in order to improve our Sunday-schools is to let in the tide of earnest faith. The next thing is to let in the tide of aroused educational methods now coursing through every channel of public thought.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

GUILDS.

CHOICE OF AMUSEMENTS.

Read before the Guild of Medfield, Mass., by Mrs. A. A. Bishop.

The word "amuse" means to divert, to entertain, to please. Amid the rush and toil of this busy world some diversion from the dull round of every-day work is necessary for the well-being of all people, both old and young. Therefore, amusements must have their proper place, and come in for a certain share of attention.

Wholesome amusement, properly indulged in, benefits us in more ways than one. Our spirits are made lighter, our tired nerves receive the needed rest and relaxation, and we return to our tasks with renewed zeal

and greater courage. Why? Because our minds, intent on certain trains of thought, have been diverted from their accustomed channel, or our bodies wearied with physical labor have for the time dropped their burdens, and we have entered heartily into the pleasure of the hour.

Both mentally and physically we are reanimated and made able thereby to do better work, for our tasks no longer seem dull and irksome.

Some people are so constituted that they require, or at least they feel that to their happiness a large share of amusement is necessary. These people are sometimes inclined to carry their amusements to excess; while, on the other hand, there are many who are so absorbed in thought or in the toil which constitutes their life-work that they never stop to give place to any amusement. These are two extremes; but with either class life soon becomes a dull round, and in either case it seems an abuse of time.

If we take up any of the newspapers published to-day, we shall see several columns devoted to the advertising of a great variety of amusements suited to every taste. And, when we choose our diversions, we are each influenced by our individual taste or temperament.

One cannot always feel it a pleasure to participate in an amusement that some other person may think highly enjoyable.

Our tastes differ; and we must be governed in a measure by them in choosing our amusements, as in other matters. At the same time a great deal can be done by cultivation. Our tastes can be elevated, and we can learn to enjoy amusements that are truly good. And then, again, we should consider that an amusement which may be pleasing or beneficial to one may be harmful or annoying in its effect on another.

For ourselves, we should indulge in no fun or amusement which will lower our moral standard. Some forms of amusement, continually indulged in, weaken us morally, which, if occasionally enjoyed, furnish the needed relaxation.

And in all amusements, as in everything else, excess should be avoided. It is in the excess of anything that the great harm lies. But, if our diversions are properly timed, we shall not lose sight of the duties which fall to the share of each one of us, and which should not be neglected or overlooked simply for pleasure.

The following is a quotation from a sermon on "Amusements" recently given in a Boston pulpit: —

"There can be no laws governing the moral side of this question. Each one must make them for himself, and it is in the making of these laws that the soul lives or sinks into self-indulgence. Every one should stand on his own feet. Cultivate moral courage to govern yourself."

The Committee on Guild Manual has had several meetings, and hopes during the summer to collect a number of services, each one to embody a particular idea. It is the purpose of the committee to have a compact, inexpensive book, and yet serviceable for all young people's religious meetings. It is also within the plan to have hymns with music. But the cost must be kept in view, and will limit the scope of the book.

The Guild for Christian Culture in Neponset, Mass., observed the seventy-second birthday of Dr. Edward Everett Hale with appropriate exercises, using the service prepared by the Unitarian Temperance Society. Addresses were made briefly touching upon his career as preacher, author, reformer, etc. The largest meeting of the season is reported.

The president of the Alliance visited the society in Newton, Mass., and gave an address on "Consecration and Success." The secretary reports a list of subjects that have been presented, among which we cite the following: "The Good Seed," "Apostles of Jesus," "The Rising Generation," "Phillips Brooks and his Work," "The Present Conception of the Kingdom of God," "Ye are the Temples of the Living God," "I am come that ye might have Life," "The Whole is the Sum of all its Parts." The treatment has been so good that the secretary wonders why more people do not attend the meetings. By another year a fresh start is hoped for.

The Guild of the Good Shepherd of Pittsfield, Mass., reports a membership of thirty-two, and twenty-nine meetings held. Seven sociables and one reception have been given. At the beginning of the year Mr. Lyon's book, "A Study of the Sects," was used; and out of this soon grew the plan of having public meetings in which each denomination could be represented by a minister or member of it. Thirteen of such meetings have occurred, running from January 9 to April 10, all having been largely attended. From collections some money was realized for the church after the expenses were met, and a balance still remained for the guild.

The Channing Club at its last meeting, April 23, gave the evening to the discussion of the subject of "Young People's Organizations in the Church." The cause of "Guilds" was presented by the president of the Alliance, Rev. Thomas Van Ness, Rev. George Gordon, D.D., and Rev. E. E. Hale, D.D., discussing various phases of the general subject.

We have on hand a guild paper by Miss Mabel V. Brown. We should like to have the name of the guild to which she belongs before the publication of the paper.

The annual business meeting of the National Guild Alliance will be held on Wednesday, May 30, at 2 P.M., in Room 11, American Unitarian Association Building, Boston. Reports of committees will be given. Election of officers will occur. All guilds will please to send minister and two delegates to transact business. Also bear in mind the next notice, and send large delegations.

The annual public meeting of the National Guild Alliance will be held in Channing Hall at 3 P.M., same day. Rev. B. R. Bulkeley will preside. Addresses will be given by Rev. John Cuckson, Rev. Pitt Dillingham, Miss Kate L. Brown, Rev. F. G. Peabody, D.D., and Rev. E. A. Horton. B. R. BULKELEY.

UNITY CLUBS.

The Unity Club of Newport took for its main study topic during the winter "Race Influence on American Civilization." The races considered were the Spanish, Dutch, French, English, Negro, Celtic, and Teutonic. The papers were limited to a half-hour in length; and on the same evenings other and more miscellaneous subjects were considered, including "Caricature and Caricaturists," "Influence of Art on Human Life," "Social Standards," and "National Humor." The club also gave one evening to a lecture on "The Origin and Meaning of Personal Names," by Rev. George W. Cutter, and several evenings to social and entertainment interests.

The Unity Club of Geneva, Ill., has held its meetings in the Unitarian parsonage on every Tuesday evening from November 14 to May 29. It has followed three courses of study, one with "Romola," one with "Ivanhoe," and one with Social Science. In the study of "Romola" attention has been given to Florence and its art, Savonarola, and George Eliot's relations to Christianity. Some special topics in connection with "Ivanhoe" have been the Age of Chivalry, the Jews in the Middle Ages and in fiction, the Church and social manners in the Middle Ages. The Social Science section has taken up the following outline of historic study: What is Social Science? Primitive Society; Marriage and the Home; The City; Communistic Phases of the Ancient Religions; Man's Ownership of Man; The Feudal System; Man's Equality with Man; The English Constitution; The Church as a Factor in Social Evolution; Puritanism and Democracy; French Social Theorists, Rousseau, Fourier, Comte; German Social Theorists, Marx, Lassalle; English Social Theorists, Mill, Toynbee, Spencer; Modern Theories; Single Tax; Nationalism; Anarchism; Social Science and Modern Industrial Problems. Of this club the minister, Mrs. Celia P. Woolley, is the president.

The literary class of the Unity Club of Lynn, Mass., has devoted seven evenings to the study of Colonial Massachusetts. Its programme is a model for all other clubs, for skill of arrangement, fulness of references, and stimulating suggestiveness. The special topics considered are discoveries and settlements, first-hand accounts, the government of the colonies, conflicts, education, society, religious belief, and persecution. On the evening devoted to first-hand accounts attention was given to Young's "Chronicles of the Pilgrim Fathers" and "Chronicles of First Planters of Massachusetts Colony," Winthrop and his writings, and Mather's "Magnalia Christi Americana." The evening given to education considered the ministers, the early books, Harvard College, and the education of the Indians. The ministers taken up were Brewster, Cotton, Shepard, Higginson, and Wheelwright; and there were studies in the books of Young, Shepard, Adams, Felt, and T. W. Higginson. Among the early books considered were those of Morton, Lechford, Johnson, the Bay Psalm Book, and Dunton's Letters. The whole outline is full of attraction and promise.

The Unity Club of Westboro, Mass., announces its objects as follows on its printed programme: "The Unity Club is a factor in the church's life and usefulness. It supplements the other activities of the church. Its object is to promote religious growth. For this purpose it aims to do good to the community in helpful ways of philanthropic activity, to bring its members into closer sympathy and fellowship and give direction to their social recreations, and to realize the sacredness of all truth by doing for literature, science, ethics, history, biography, and art what the Sunday-school does for the Bible." This club has devoted seven evenings to the several forms of literature, including poetry, the drama, the essay, and fiction. Its programme has also included several dramatic and musical entertainments. GEORGE W. COOKE.

God is not a being existing apart from the universe. He is expressed in the universe, which is his living garment.—*Spinoza.*

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

Every one who has been watching the so-called "South Carolina experiment" will take note of the fact that the Supreme Court of the State has at last pronounced the "Dispensary Law" unconstitutional. Supreme courts, unfortunately, are sometimes involved in party politics; and this decision of the South Carolina court must probably be interpreted in the light of the bitter conflict in that State between the adherents of the farmer party, or Tillmanites, and the more aristocratic Democrats of the towns. It is thought quite possible that by a change in the judges the present decision may be reversed. Meanwhile we have another lesson of the grave difficulty of enacting laws in advance of public opinion or of making laws at the instance of one section against the will of another section. The world has slowly learned that religion cannot be wisely enforced by law. The world seems not yet to have learned that nothing is to be gained in morals by forcing the conscience of the minority.

Iowa is making a change in her liquor legislation, which is a virtual repeal of the prohibitory law in favor of local option. The fact is that the law was not wanted in the larger towns, and it could not be enforced where men did not really believe in it. The abandonment of the prohibitory law does not therefore mean a real retrogression in the temperance movement. It is a pity that the Iowa people do not seem yet to have heard of the Norwegian system.

The Liquor Committee of the Massachusetts legislature had such confidence in its own wisdom as to try to throw out the proposed Norwegian Bill. It looks now as if the people would demand the new legislation. Tracts and illustrative papers and a "catechism" have been prepared; and wherever the public attention has been secured immense interest and enthusiasm have been roused. Meanwhile the friends of the bill have made certain slight changes to remove possible objections of earnest temperance people. The chief difficulty in certain minds was lest no-license towns should be swept over to the adoption of the Norwegian system. It is now agreed that this system can only be used in places where the vote has gone for "license" for *two successive years.* This provision seems to render it impossible for a no-license town or city to go over to the Norwegian plan of license. Whose interest would it be to change the vote of such a city? Not the interest of the liquor-dealers, surely! And, unless the law utterly failed of enforcement, the friends of law and order would scarcely exert themselves to change the no-license vote. Full information can be had of the Norwegian system by sending to J. G. Thorp, Jr., Esq., Fiske Building, Boston.

C. F. Dole.

LITERARY NOTES.

A committee of persons connected with the Meadville Theological School, with Prof. Christie at its head, announce a new bi-monthly publication, called the "Meadville Portfolio," which is to make its appearance about the middle of June. It will contain articles from students, graduates, professors, and others, reports of the current history of the school and alumni, and letters from the Harvard Divinity School and from Manchester College, Oxford. It will contain twelve pages, double column, magazine size. Its price will be one dollar a year, or twenty cents per single number.

A new book by Rev. John W. Chadwick will be issued soon, entitled "Old and New Unitarian Belief." It will contain seven chapters, treating of the subjects God, Man, the Bible, Christianity, Jesus, the Future Life, the Great Salvation, together with a general Introduction and a closing Summary. Price $1.20. Geo. H. Ellis, Boston, publisher.

A new book is soon to appear from Count L. N. Tolstoï, treating of, or at least based upon, the late Franco-Russian fêtes at Paris and Toulon, and setting forth the writer's views as to the incompatibility of Christianity with what is usually called patriotism.

The *Christian Register* of Boston is publishing an extended series of unusually able, graphic, and interesting letters from Rev. Francis Tiffany, describing his visits to Japan, China, India, and Egypt. We presume Palestine and perhaps some of the countries of Europe are to follow. It is rarely that these Oriental lands have a more intelligent visitor, and more rarely still that they have one gifted with so keen eyes to see and so gifted a pen to describe their peoples, their customs, their woes, and their wonders.

Lovers of Longfellow (H. W.) will be glad to know that a new and complete edition of his poems has recently been issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., in one volume. The type and paper are excellent. Many of the poems are prefaced with notes giving the date and circumstances of their composition. There is a short but carefully prepared life of the poet, and full indexes to the poems. The price is $2.00. Now will not the same publishers give us as good a popular edition of Whittier's poems,—a great need?

Subscribers to the *Unitarian* who do not care to preserve their numbers for binding or other purpose are requested to send them regularly to Rev. John S. Br[illegible]

Lawrence, Kan., for missionary use. But will they not send him postage, also, for remailing the numbers (12 cents a year), as he does his large Post-office Mission work as a labor of love, and does not have means of his own to pay his heavy postage bills?

We announced last month the programme of the Plymouth Summer School of Applied Ethics, in one of its departments; namely, that of economics. In the department of ethics the general subject will be "Ethics and the Labor Question," with thirty lectures, by Prof. Felix Adler of New York, Prof. Woodrow Wilson of Princeton, Mr. William Salter of Philadelphia, Prof. MacAllister of Philadelphia, Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer of Providence, Rev. R. A. Holland of St. Louis, and Dr. Stanton Coit of London.

In the department of "History of Religions" the general subject will be "The Church and the Labor Question," with thirty lectures, by Prof. C. H. Toy of Harvard, Prof. H. S. Nash of the Cambridge Episcopal Theological School, Prof. W. J. Ashley of Harvard, and Rev. J. G. Brooks of Cambridge. There will also be several Sunday afternoon lectures by distinguished men.

"Religion and Modern Thought," and other essays, by T. W. Freckleton, J. Frederick Smith, Walter Lloyd, Brooke Herford, and others. London: Philip Green.—These papers appeared at intervals last year in pamphlet form, under the name of "Theological Essays." Now they are published in a neat volume of two hundred pages. Price, two shillings and sixpence. Besides the subject of religion and modern thought, they discuss Gains to the Bible from Modern Criticism, Miracles in the Old and New Testament, The Problem of Evil, Channing and his Work, Theodore Parker and his Work, Punishment of Sin: Is it Eternal? and Authority in Religious Belief. These papers are, without an exception, strong.

"Life and Correspondence of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley." By Rowland E. Prothero. 2 vols. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Mrs. Oliver's Memoir of Stanley, which was published ten years ago and ran through several editions, was a most excellent survey of the work, life, and teachings of the "beloved Dean," and has, to a great extent, satisfied the public interest. The present volumes, however, though not published till thirteen years after the death of Dean Stanley, form a splendid and worthy memorial of his noble life. They leave really nothing to be desired, impartially, clearly, and most thoroughly relating the details of all the battles, efforts, and victories of one who was "almost always at the head of a forlorn hope."

Announcement is made that the sermons of Edward Everett Hale delivered at the South Congregational Church, Boston, and published in the *Commonwealth*, are issued separately in convenient tract form, and may be obtained from the Commonwealth Publishing Company at 3 cents per single copy or $2 per hundred.

"The Ideal of Humanity." By John Stuart Blackie. New York: Fleming Revell Company.—It is a far cry from the title to the contents of this book. Associating the name of the author with originality, vigor, and insight, we should expect stirring things from him on "The Ideal of Humanity"; but there is no treatment of the subject in this volume, no preface, introduction, or note to tell why not,—simply six essays, disconnected entirely, on such subjects as "Wisdom," "David," "Women," "Scottish Covenanters." One feels rather disturbed, but the interest of the individual essays is so good that the reader is likely to peruse the volume before he speculates on the "Ideal of Humanity."

"Distinctive Messages of the Old Religions." By G. Matheson, D.D. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.—We often hear inquiries for something more recent than Clarke's "Ten Great Religions." For a philosophical comparison of the underlying principles of the great race religions, without the detail, quotations, references, and statistics of Dr. Clarke's work, this new volume from Dr. Matheson of Edinburgh meets a very wide-spread demand. The whole spirit, tone, method of treatment, is sympathetic, genial, and calm. The design is to give generalized results. It is as though one asked, after admitting the slow growth under varying climatic and other conditions of the great religions, "To what end?" "What is the distinctive message?" Dr. Matheson aims at a candid, philosophical reply, concluding with a declaration of the all-embracingness of Christianity.

"Courage and Cheer." By Rev. Brooke Herford, D.D. American Unitarian Association, Boston.—The title of this volume gives the true flavor of the whole. Here are twenty-two short, strong, nervy sermons, brimful of the glowing courage of a full and fearless faith, and certain to create strong currents of good cheer in every reader's heart. Dr. Herford has never before allowed a volume of his sermons to be published. We wonder why, for these have the very qualities of popularity and permanence. They seem to lack nothing save the one impossible thing,—the presence, the imposing, enforcing, persuading presence of the man himself. To those, however, who

have heard some of these sermons in the delivery, the very tones and emphasis of many of the boldly uttered sentences will return in memory, while the sermons alone, even to those who never heard or met Dr. Herford, are grandly good and ample in themselves. They are ripe, the mature, nurtured product of an experienced life. We should say they were not either speculative, philosophic, polemic, poetic, nor literary sermons in any inclusive sense, but were practical, being more truly "straight" sermons even than those of Dr. Van Dyke. We find in them the undoubting vision of the message-bearer, the design and blocking out power of the architect or sculptor, the warm, flowing, sympathetic heart-impulse of the lover of humanity. We hope, indeed, for a very wide distribution of these ripened sheaves of courage and of cheer.

NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

[*News items are solicited from all our ministers and other workers Send them to the* EDITOR OF THE UNITARIAN, 141 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON, *before the 18th of the month.*]

ANNIVERSARY WEEK IN BOSTON.

Owing to the lateness of Anniversary Week this year, we go to press before the meetings have begun. We give below the fullest announcements which can now be made of the many opportunities of a devotional, intellectual, and social nature which will be offered during the week:—

King's Chapel.—Devotional services will be held each morning during Anniversary Week at 8.30.

Ministerial Union in Channing Hall, Monday, May 28, 10.30. Address by Rev. T. R. Slicer upon "The Moral Value of Optimism." Annual meeting, with address and election of officers.

The Boston Association of Ministers will give a reception to all visiting brethren in the parlors of the Church of the Unity (Pembroke Street entrance) Monday, May 28, 4 P.M. Rev. C. F. Dole will read a paper on "The Service of Worship and the Service of Thought." The hospitalities of this occasion are provided by Rev. M. J. Savage and Dr. E. E. Hale. Supper at 6. Howard N. Brown, Moderator. Charles G. Ames, Scribe.

The American Unitarian Association will hold its sixty-ninth anniversary at Music Hall on Tuesday, May 29, at which business will be transacted and subjects of great practical interest will be presented. There will be three sessions,—in the morning at 9.30 o'clock, in the afternoon at 2.30, and in the evening at 7.30. The delegate and life members will occupy, at the morning and afternoon sessions, the seats in the body of the hall, and will be admitted by tickets sent them for that purpose. Should any fail to receive such, they can be had on application to the Association, 25 Beacon Street, Boston. To transact the business of the Association, it is necessary that the body of the hall should be reserved for members. But the galleries will furnish ample accommodation for others who desire to be present. At the evening meeting all seats will be open to the public.

At the morning session, after the usual regular business of the annual report of the directors and treasurer, etc., there will be addresses by Rev. Rush R. Shippen of Washington, D.C., and George W. Stone, Esq., of Wilmington, Del.

At the afternoon session there will be addresses on the needs and opportunities of our work in its various fields by Rev. Caroline J. Bartlett of Kalamazoo, Mich., Rev. Austin S. Garver of Worcester, Mass., and Rev. Ellery C. Butler of Beverly, Mass.

The evening meeting will be devoted to the discussion of the relations and duties of the liberal church to the community. Addresses are expected from the president, Hon. George S. Hale, and his Excellency Gov. Greenhalge, Rev. Minot J. Savage of Boston, and Rev. Francis Tiffany of Cambridge, Mass.

The doors will be open at each session three-quarters of an hour before the time of commencing. At the evening meeting hymns will be sung by the congregation. Organist, Mr. B. J. Lang. Clergymen are invited to take seats on the platform at the evening meeting, and to be in the anteroom for that purpose at 7.25.

A meeting of all interested in the proposed change of the Constitution of the National Conference will be held in Channing Hall, Tuesday, May 29, at four o'clock. Both ministers and laymen are requested to attend this meeting, whatever may be their opinions upon the questions at issue.

The Younger Ministers' Association dinner will be given Tuesday, May 29, 12.30, at Hotel Bellevue. Tickets, 75 cents. Those intending to be present will please write to Rev. G. D. Latimer, Salem.

National Alliance of Unitarian Women.—Public meeting in the Church of the Unity (Rev. M. J. Savage), West Newton Street, Wednesday, May 30, 10.30. All interested are cordially invited to be present. The meeting will close with a box-lunch.

Berry Street Conference (for ministers only), in Arlington Street Church, Wednesday, May 30, 10.30. Address by Prof. Crawford H. Toy on "Religious Unity."

"New World" Dinner.—The editorial board of the *New World* invite the clergy and laity interested in the review to dinner at the Hotel Thorndike on Boylston Street, Wednesday, May 30, 1 P.M. Rev. T. R. Slicer will preside, and short addresses will be made by various gentlemen. Tickets to be procured at the hotel immediately before the dinner, $1 each.

National Guild Alliance.—Annual meeting, Wednesday, 2 P.M., at Room 11, American Unitarian Association Building. Reports of the year, election of officers. Each guild will send minister and two delegates. 3 P.M., annual public meeting of the National Guild Alliance in Channing Hall. Rev. B. R. Bulkeley will preside. Addresses will be made by Rev. John Cuckson, Rev. Pitt Dillingham, Miss Kate L. Brown, Rev. F. G. Peabody, D.D., and Rev. E. A. Horton. Guilds will please to send large delegations. B. R. Bulkeley, president.

Unitarian Sunday School Society.—The sixty-seventh anniversary meeting will be held at King's Chapel, Boston, Thursday, May 31, at 2 P.M. There will be opening remarks by the president, Rev. Edward A. Horton, followed by twenty-minute addresses: Rev. Augustus M. Lord, —subject, "The Place and Influence of Personal Character in Sunday-school Instruction"; Rev. William H. Lyon,—subject, "What are the Chief Inspirations to Faithfulness in Sunday-school Teaching?" Miss Lucy Wheelock,—subject, "When I was a Child"; Rev. Thomas R. Slicer,—subject, "How can the Sunday-school re-enforce the Public School?" Rev. Samuel R. Calthrop, —subject, "Teaching about God." Mr. Origen B. Young, organist. A cordial invitation is extended to all those interested in Sunday-school work to visit the Rooms of the Unitarian Sunday School Society, 25 Beacon Street, during Anniversary Week.

The Children's Mission.—The forty-fifth anniversary of the Children's Mission to the Children of the Destitute will be held on Wednesday afternoon, May 30, at three o'clock, at Arlington Street Church. Short addresses will be made by friends interested in the work of caring for orphan, neglected, and destitute children; and brief reports of the year's work will be given. In addition to the usual singing by the children, the Mission will be favored by the Damon Sisters, whose skill in playing upon the cornet, violin, flute, and piano, has given them a high position in the musical world. All friends of the Mission and the public generally are invited to attend. William H. Baldwin, President. William Crosby, Superintendent.

The Lend a Hand Clubs' annual meeting will be held at Park Street Vestry, Wednesday, May 30, at 2 P.M. The president, Rev. Edward Everett Hale, will preside. There will be reports, short speeches, and music.

Boston Young Men's Christian Union. Public anniversary, Wednesday, May 30, 8 P.M. Reception of members and friends at the Union Building, 48 Boylston Street. The occasion will be entirely informal and social in its character.

The Massachusetts Convention of Congregational Ministers (of which all ministers of Congregational churches in the State—Unitarian as well as Trinitarian —are *ex-officio* members) will hold its annual business meeting in the Supreme Judicial Court Room, in the Suffolk County Court House, Boston, on Wednesday, May 30, at 5 P.M. (Enter at the door on Somerset Street.) The convention sermon will be preached at the South Congregational Church, corner of Exeter and Newbury Streets, on Thursday morning, May 31, at eleven o'clock, by Rev. George A. Gordon, D.D., pastor of the Old South Church of Boston.

The Unitarian Festival will be held in Music Hall, Thursday, May 31. Tables will be spread for the usual banquet in the afternoon, for clergymen and their wives visiting the city during Anniversary Week. All are cordially invited. The doors will be opened at four o'clock. Dinner at five. Hon. John D. Long will preside. Tickets, at $2.50 each, will be for sale at the bookstore of Messrs. William B. Clarke & Co., 340 Washington Street, on and after Monday, May 21, between the hours of nine and four o'clock. First balcony tickets, $1; second balcony tickets, 50 cents, for those who feel interested only in the speaking.

The National Bureau of Unity Clubs. Annual meeting in King's Chapel, Thursday, May 31, 10.30. Business meeting for the election of officers, etc. The public meeting at 11 A.M. will be addressed by Prof. Francis G. Peabody on "University Extension and the Prospect Union of Cambridge"; Rev. Robert A. Woods, Andover House, on "The College Settlement Idea"; Rev. Rufus B. Tobey, Berkeley Temple, on "The Institutional Church"; Rev. E. A. Horton, on "The New Work in the Parker Memorial"; and Mr. W. H. Baldwin, on "The Value and Importance of the Christian Union in City and Country."

Meadville Alumni Association.—There will be a meeting of this association on Friday, June 1, 10 A.M., for the election of officers and the transaction of business, at Room 10, 25 Beacon Street.

Unitarian Temperance Society.—Public meeting in King's Chapel, Friday, June 1, 7.30 P.M. Addresses by Rev. Caroline J. Bartlett of Kalamazoo, Mich., Rev. E. E. Hale, D.D., and Rev. Christopher R. Eliot.

The Society for the Relief of Aged and Destitute Clergymen will hold its annual meeting at the Rooms of the American Unitarian Association, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, on Friday, June 1, at 12 M. Henry F. Jenks, Secretary.

The Massachusetts Evangelical Missionary Society will hold its annual meeting for the election of officers and the transaction of such other business as may legally come before it at the Rooms of the American Unitarian Association, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, on Friday, June 1, at 10 A.M. Nathaniel Seaver, Secretary.

Rev. L. J. Andrew, formerly of the Universalist denomination, having sustained a thorough examination covering all points bearing upon his qualifications for the work of the Unitarian ministry, and having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship that he is in all respects worthy of their approval, is hereby commended to the fellowship of our ministers and the confidence of our churches.

W. L. CHAFFIN, *Chairman.*
D. W. MOREHOUSE, *Secretary.*

Rev. J. A. Bevington, formerly of the Protestant Episcopal Church, having sustained a thorough examination covering all points bearing upon his qualifications for the work of the Unitarian ministry, and having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship that he is in all respects worthy of their approval, is hereby commended to the fellowship of our ministers and the confidence of our churches.

W. L. CHAFFIN, *Chairman.*
D. W. MOREHOUSE, *Secretary.*

Mr. Horatio A. Warren, a graduate of Johns Hopkins College, having sustained a thorough examination covering all points bearing upon his qualifications for the work of the Unitarian ministry, and having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship that he is in all respects worthy of their approval, is hereby commended to the fellowship of our ministers and the confidence of our churches.

W. L. CHAFFIN, *Chairman.*
D. W. MOREHOUSE, *Secretary.*

Rev. Leroy Fletcher Snapp, formerly of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, having sustained a thorough examination covering all points bearing upon his qualifications for the work of the Unitarian ministry, and having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship that he is in all respects worthy of their approval, is hereby commended to the fellowship of our ministers and the confidence of our churches.

W. L. CHAFFIN, *Chairman.*
D. W. MOREHOUSE, *Secretary.*

Rev. Duren J. H. Ward, Ph.D., formerly of the Free-will Baptist Church, having sustained a thorough examination covering all points bearing upon his qualifications for the work of the Unitarian ministry, and having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship that he is in all respects worthy of their approval, is hereby commended to the fellowship of our ministers and the confidence of our churches.

W. L. CHAFFIN, *Chairman.*
D. W. MOREHOUSE, *Secretary.*

Billerica, Mass.—At the annual parish meeting of the First Parish in Billerica, held on the 7th inst., action was taken on the resignation of Rev. C. C. Hussey. Mr. Hussey had previously signified his desire that his resignation should be considered final. Mr. J. Nelson Parker offered the following resolution, which was adopted, and a copy directed to be sent to Mr. Hussey: "After a pastorate of nearly twenty-eight years our very dear and respected friend and pastor, Rev. Christopher C. Hussey, feels compelled to sever his connection with this society. Both the sad and cheerful events in the lives of many or most of us have been made less sad or more cheerful by his kindly word and presence. The breaking of the bonds that more than a quarter of a century have tied so firmly cannot be done without pain and mutual regrets. The reasons which have prompted this resignation, while no doubt sufficient, must necessarily, in the final separation, bring sorrow to our pastor and his family as well as to the members of this parish; and, while respecting his wishes and accepting his decision, we ask that the resignation may not take effect until the close of the present year of his pastorate, October 1, and that he be invited to become, after this date, the honorary pastor of this society, that we may nominally continue the associations that have so long bound us together in mutual friendships, that he and we may seek each other's counsel, and that, while no longer a resident of Billerica, he may still feel that the pulpit of our ancient church is always open to him, and his old parishioners are always ready to hear and welcome him."

Boston, Mass.—Rev. C. M. Crothers has entered upon his ministry at the First Parish Church, Cambridge, as successor to Rev. E. H. Hall.

—Rev. Christopher R. Eliot has returned from his year of study at Oxford and London, and will shortly begin his duties as associate with Rev. S. H. Winkley at Bulfinch Chapel.

—Among our ministers who are to spend their vacations in Europe this year, we hear of Rev. Minot J. Savage, Rev. Stopford W. Brooke, Rev. Frederick B. Mott, Rev. W. H. Fish, Jr., and Rev. George D. Latimer.

—Several largely attended memorial services in honor of the late Mrs. Hemenway have been held. Among the largest was that of the Boston public school teachers in the Old South Meeting-house, May 2. An elaborate programme was carried out, which formed a remarkable tribute of esteem and respect to the memory of the large-hearted, clear-headed, loving, wise, and generous philanthropist whose name will long live in the annals of Boston and the country.

—Our suburban churches are not alone in the steady growth recently reported in this column. We hear from the Arlington Street Church that at its annual meeting in May the various reports submitted showed increasing prosperity in every direction. The annual receipts for all purposes reached the handsome sum of $32,000.

—Drawings of the new church which is being built by the First Parish of Brighton are now on exhibition in the book-room of the American Unitarian Association Building. This church will add one more to the remarkably handsome stone structures in which it seems to be the present pleasant tendency of Unitarians to house themselves.

—From the *Visitor*, the parish paper of All Souls' Church, Roxbury, we quote: "The fifth year of the life of All Souls' Church has been the most prosperous of all. Not only has our suddenly gathered and mutually unaccquainted society become more consolidated and co-operative in general, but its various special activities have been even better supported than ever, in spite of 'hard times.' The seats are all let, and families are still waiting for vacancies. The chairs in front have nearly all been taken. The attendance on Sunday has been greater, though often broken by the many stormy Sundays. The contributions have all been larger than last year; while new good works, as the New Year dinner for the inmates of the Consumptives' Home, have been added."

Chicago, Ill.—Two religious gatherings of some importance to the cause of liberal religion have been held in this city during the past month. The first was the annual meeting of the Western Unitarian Conference, and the second the Liberal Religious Congress, which we mentioned in our last issue. We go to press so early as to be able to give only a brief report of the former, and no report of the latter. The Western Conference was held in the First Unitarian Church. It began Tuesday evening, May 15, with a sermon by Rev. A. M. Judy of Davenport. Wednesday forenoon, after a brief devotional meeting, there were a brief opening address by the president, Hon. D. L. Shorey, and reports from the secretary, Rev. A. W. Gould, and the treasurer, Mr. W. McFadon. Brief reports from several of the States followed, made by Mr. Duncan of Illinois, Mr. Judy and Miss Gordon of Iowa, Miss Putnam of Dakota, and Miss Bartlett of Michigan. Reports of missionary work in university towns were read by Mr. Sunderland of Ann Arbor and Mr. Perkins of Iowa City. Mr. Fenn of Chicago gave an address upon the importance of what he called the "mission week," or Unitarian evangelistic work; and Mr. Forbush spoke of the extensive and varied missionary activities carried on by the American Unitarian Association in the West.

At one o'clock lunch was served in the social rooms of the church. In the afternoon the Women's Western Conference held its annual session, with an address by its president, Rev. Ida C. Hultin, and reports from its secretary, Post-office Mission secretary, and treasurer, and the election of officers. Then followed a fine paper by Mrs. Charles T. Catlin of Brooklyn, N.Y., on "The Call of the Hour to Unitarian Women," in which she gave an interesting and inspiring account of the work that is being done throughout the country by the National Alliance of Unitarian and Other Liberal Christian Women. After Mrs. Catlin's paper there was a discussion, led by Mrs. Woolley, of the question of merging the Women's Conference in the General Western Conference.

In the evening Prof. Christie of Meadville read a scholarly and thoughtful paper on "The Liberal Movement and Theology," which, in the absence of Mr. Hirai of Japan, was followed by an address by Miss Hultin on "Some Tendencies of Present Religious Thought."

On Thursday morning from nine to ten there was a memorial service in honor of Rev. John C. Learned of St. Louis, Mo., and Rev. W. J. Potter of New Bedford, Mass., with addresses by Rev. J. Ll. Jones, Prof. Woodward of St. Louis, Rev. J. V. Blake, and others.

At ten o'clock there was a meeting of the Western Sunday School Society, with an address by the president, Mr. Gould, and reports. Then followed ten-minute papers by Mr. Sunderland on "The One-topic System," by Rev. Florence Buck of Cleveland on "Pictures as Lesson Helps," and by Rev. Mr. Judy and Miss Mary L. Lord on "Blake's Unity Songs and Services."

In the afternoon there was a business meeting of the Western Conference for the election of officers, etc. Mr. Shorey was re-elected president, and Mr. Gould secretary. In the evening there was a platform meeting, with addresses upon the question "How to help Morals," by Prof. Woodward, Prof. Tomlins of Chicago, Rev. Celia P. Woolley, and Rev. Elinor E. Gordon.

The attendance upon the conference was very small,—the smallest for many years. This may have been caused partly, perhaps, by the fact that it was to be followed the next week by the Liberal Congress, which had attractions for many. Sixteen churches

were represented at the conference by delegates. The treasurer reported a deficit in the treasury of $1,200. Mr. Forbush reported that, notwithstanding the hard times and the consequent dfficulty of raising money, the American Unitarian Association is carrying on its missionary work in the West with nearly or quite the full strength of former years. He reported, also, the organization of twelve new churches.

—Considerable agitation has been caused in some circles here by an extended article which appeared in the Chicago *Tribune* of Monday, May 14, saying that Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones of All Souls' Unitarian Church had decided to take his church outside the Unitarian fellowship. It seems that at the close of his sermon on Sunday morning, the 13th, Mr. Jones made an address to his people, explaining that he desired greater freedom for his church than it yet enjoyed, or than it could enjoy so long as it maintained its present denominational relations. A sum of money ($7,000) had been furnished to the church at the time of its erection, partly or wholly from the American Unitarian Association, which need never be refunded by the church so long as it remained in the Unitarian fellowship. But he believed that the time had come when the church should become entirely free. He therefore asked his congregation to pay back this money, and go forward to a realization of his larger liberty. $3,000 of the $7,000 was raised upon the spot. The plan is for the society, as soon as this obligation is cleared away, to reorganize itself, and proceed at once to the erection of a large building, to be devoted partly to church purposes and partly to business offices, the whole to cost $200,000.

Many persons naturally wondered whether, after this action, Mr. Jones would attend the sessions of the Western Conference. But he was present all through, taking part as usual, and at the close made a speech in defence of his position, claiming that it was the "true," "brave," and "prophetic" one, and urging the conference and all the churches represented by the conference to follow. He announced that he should not at present leave the conference. Whether he would in the future or not depended upon its future course of action. If the conference proved itself to be courageous enough and sufficiently possessed of the prophetic spirit to follow him into the glorious liberty which he and his church were now to enjoy, he would remain with them.

Concord, N.H.—The thirty-fifth annual May festival given by the ladies of the Unitarian society was held at White's Opera House on the afternoon and evening of Tuesday, May 1, and was a most charming affair. For many years this festival has been one of the social events of the season; and this year, with its many and varied attractions, it was even more enjoyable than usual.

When, at 4 P.M., the orchestra began the opening selection, every seat in the hall and every inch of standing room was taken. First in order came the children's march. This was participated in by a large number of children, who, with their bright faces and the dainty dresses of the little girls, made a pretty picture.

Then came the crowning of the May queen, and the May-pole dance. This was well done by sixteen boys and girls, who tripped gracefully through the intricate changes without a mistake. A Chinese dance, one of the most unique and pleasing features of the entertainment, was given gracefully by four little misses. Following this came the crowning event of the afternoon,—the beautiful "Pas de Fleurs" (dance of the flowers). This was given by twenty-four young ladies. It was faultlessly executed, and was by far the prettiest thing of the kind ever given in the city.

During the evening supper was served in Union Hall on the European plan. At eight o'clock the entertainment of the evening was opened with statuesque groupings and *tableaux d'art*, under the direction of Mrs. Belle Marshal Locke, by seven young ladies in Grecian draperies. This was carried out with full calcium light effects, and was certainly artistic from every point of view, reflecting the highest credit upon both Mrs. Locke and participants. By request the "Pas de Fleurs" and the Chinese dance were repeated; and then the floor was cleared for dancing, which was indulged in by a large party. The hall was handsomely decorated; and in connection with the festival were tables for the sale of fancy articles,—a crystal table, a flower booth, ice-cream room, lemonade and candy room,—all in charge of different committees, and all of which were well patronized. The fancy dances were given under the direction of Madame Arcanne of Boston. The committee having the affair in charge labored indefatigably for many weeks; and the result was a grand success, both socially and financially, it having netted to the society upwards of six hundred dollars.

Mrs. George L. Stratton and Mr. J. C. A. Hill were chosen by the society as lay delegates to the annual meeting of the American Unitarian Association.

Gardner, Mass.—The Unitarian Club, an organization composed of the men who are interested in the Unitarian church, was revived Thursday night, April 26, after an inactive existence of two years. The following officers were chosen: president, S. W. Melendy; vice-president, H. A. Turner; secretary, E. V. Reynolds; treasurer, W. E. Mason; Executive Committee, Rev. J. F. Howard, L. P. Nash, and L. A. Wright. Rev. Mr. Howard outlined briefly

the work of the organization, its aims and future plans. L. P. Nash gave an instructive and thoughtful paper on "The History of Liberal Thought." A vote of thanks was tendered him at its conclusion, after which a general discussion of the subject followed, in which a good many took part. Much interest was manifested, and the prospects of the club are excellent.

Hopedale, Mass.—On Sunday, the 29th ult., Mrs. Wilson came to the pastor's rescue, reading the service and the sermon, Mr. Wilson being confined to the house by the juvenile "mumps." Mr. Godfrey went over to Mendon on that day, and took the minister's place. In both instances the congregations were greatly inspired, so much so that the pastor will feel at liberty to indulge in similar infirmities at any time. The vesper services were discontinued for the year on the 6th. These meetings have been very much enjoyed, many subjects having been taken up and treated by a large number of persons, always in an instructive and entertaining manner. They will be resumed in September.

Humboldt, Ia.—The annual parish meeting held at Unity Church on Tuesday evening of last week was an occasion of enjoyment and profit. About a hundred and fifty people were served at the banquet, following which were toasts and responses as follows: "Our Church," Dr. Vaupel Clark; "Our Ladies' Circle," Mrs. Alice E. Taft; "Our Choir and Orchestra" (from a standpoint of the pews), G. S. Garfield; same, from a standpoint of the musicians, D. F. Coyle; "Our Unity Club," Mrs. C. P. Clark. These toasts were alternated with music by the choir and orchestra, making the occasion literally a "feast of reason and a flow of soul." Every one was in good cheer, and alive to the promotion of the church interests and the enjoyment of the church home. Enthusiastic and cordial resolutions were adopted in recognition and appreciation of the services of the minister and his wife and the musicians for the past, and soliciting their continuance for the year coming. Officers were elected as follows: trustees for three years, Col. J. J. Smart and Dr. Vaupel Clark; trustee for two years, Mrs. Emma W. Shellenberger; president, G. L. Tremain; secretary, G. S. Garfield; treasurer, B. H. Harkness.

Meadville, Pa.—Preparations are on foot for a fit commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Meadville Theological School. Appropriate exercises will take place on Wednesday, June 13, forenoon, afternoon, and evening. It is expected that a large representation of the alumni will be in attendance. Special passenger rates from Boston to Meadville will be secured.

Memphis, Tenn.—The holding of Unitarian services on recent Sabbaths by Rev. Frederick Preston has resulted in the formation of a Unitarian society. A temporary list of officers has been appointed to serve until the details of organization are determined, when the permanent officers will be chosen. The bond of fellowship used and signed was, "In the love of truth and in the spirit of Jesus Christ we join for the worship of God and the service of man."

Newton Centre, Mass.—The Unitarian church here gathers strength fast under the able leadership of Rev. B. F. McDaniel. Last Sunday, May 6, the topic of the sermon was "Nature's Miracle." In the Sunday-school a memorial service of E. E. Hale's birthday was used. At 7.30 the "Hale Union," the young people's religious society, held a meeting open to all. This society has been formed for the benefit of young people, and promises to be of much interest and value. It starts out with a large membership; and, in taking Dr. Hale's name, it proposes to partake of his spirit and do his work. The Emerson class is reading the essay on "The Over-soul," and finding in it a wellspring of intellectual and spiritual quickening. It will continue its meetings through this month.

New York, N.Y.—The seventh regular meeting of the New York League of Unitarian Women was held on Friday, May 4, at the Unitarian church in Yonkers, N.Y. This was the annual meeting. Reports of the secretary and treasurer were read. Then followed reports from the secretaries of the thirteen Associate Branches. These all showed active work in some direction, and many of the reports indicated remarkable growth during the past year. Post-office Mission work holds a prominent place, and many study classes are at work on various subjects. The great value of mutual interest and fellowship was emphasized at every point.

After reports from the Branches, the report of the committee to nominate officers for the ensuing year was in order. The ballot presented by this committee was as follows: president, Mrs. Franklin W. Hooper; vice-presidents, Mrs. John W. Chadwick, Mrs. James H. Morse, Mrs. Robert H. Davis, Miss Emma C. Low; recording secretary, Mrs. A. W. Jackson; corresponding secretary, Mrs. F. P. Whiting; treasurer, Mrs. C. C. Knowlton. These officers were all elected. The retiring president, Mrs. Chadwick, then very gracefully introduced her successor, who responded in a few words of thanks and appreciation. The meeting then adjourned until half-past two in the afternoon.

A pleasant social luncheon was then en-

joyed, after which the meeting was again called to order.

The report of the last meeting was read by the retiring secretary, Miss Low. Mrs. Catlin then spoke of the deep regret which the members felt in parting with Miss Low, who has been the recording secretary of the league since it was organized seven years ago. She moved a vote of thanks for Miss Low's faithful services, which was heartily carried.

The subject for the day was "Our Unitarian Attitude toward Jesus," and the speaker was Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer of Providence. Mrs. Spencer gave a full account of the historic development of the idea of Christ, beginning with the earliest Jewish conception of the Messiah. The idea of a religion based on ethical principles was essentially Jewish, and in its earliest stages was full of general hopefulness for all the faithful. This idea gradually narrowed, until the Jews begin to look for the coming of one who was to be the Messiah. The earliest ideas were of a triumphant King, but these were gradually modified to the idea of a suffering King. In the midst of this Jesus was born. He seems not to have regarded himself as the Messiah at first (for whose coming he looked, in common with all the Jews); but afterward, as he marked the effect of his religious genius, he thought of himself in this way. Mrs. Spencer sketched minutely the three years of the active ministry of Jesus, and its effect upon his associates. She also spoke at some length concerning Paul's idea of Jesus, and, in conclusion, showed how the "God-idea" of Jesus had been losing force in the emphasis of the "man-idea."

Mrs. Spencer's paper was followed by a paper by Mrs. Duncan Smith of Yonkers, on "The Communion." Mrs. Smith spoke of the origin of the "Lord's Supper" as based on an ancient Jewish custom, and then spoke of its value to us Unitarians. At the conclusion of Mrs. Smith's paper Mrs. Chadwick announced that Mrs. Spencer was ready to answer any questions that might be asked. Several ladies embraced the opportunity. The questions related to the value of the name "Christian" for us, the resurrection, Easter, Christmas. To all these Mrs. Spencer replied most eloquently; and, while very radical, her words were always marked with a spirit of the deepest reverence.

Mrs. Chadwick then spoke of the pleasure she had taken in the office of president for the past two years. She heartily thanked the members for their co-operation; and, in retiring from office, she promised not to retire from work, but would continue her active interest in other ways. After singing a hymn and repeating the Lord's Prayer, the meeting adjourned.

M. H. H.

Richmond, Va.—Our society here is getting consolidated and making steady increase in many ways. Besides the regular Sunday morning service, which is well attended, Mr. Chaney has given two lectures to much larger audiences. One of these lectures was on Wednesday evening. The subject was "Hawaii and America." It was illustrated with stereopticon views, and proved attractive and remunerative. The proceeds were devoted to the American Unitarian Association. The other lecture, given on Sunday evening, was on "Ingersoll and Talmage." As Mr. Ingersoll had lectured in Richmond the week before, fresh interest had been excited in him; and Mr. Chaney took advantage of it to deliver a carefully prepared address on these two popular representatives of modern belief and unbelief in orthodox Christianity. The hall was crowded with hearers; and the Unitarian literature, which is always placed near the door at every service, was carried away in quantities.—*Southern Unitarian.*

Salem, Mass.—Our churches in this city are seriously regretting the departure from Beverly of Rev. E. C. Butler, who during his long pastorate there has become well known and much beloved in all this region.

—The many friends of Rev. George D. Latimer, assistant pastor of the North Church, wish him a pleasant journey in Europe, where he is to spend the summer.

—The Barton Square Alliance has planned a series of monthly summer outings, the first of which has been held at Mrs. Decker's summer home at Manchester.

Sioux City, Ia.—It may be of interest to your readers to know a little of the strong work done in Sioux City by the two pastors of Unity Church, Rev. Mary Safford and Rev. Elinor Gordon. This church has just entered upon the tenth year of its life, and has, since its organization, received over three hundred persons into church membership. This tenth birthday of the church was celebrated a few weeks ago by the annual parish supper held in the spacious lecture-room below the auditorium. About two hundred people sat down to the tables, which, besides being bountifully provided with good things to eat, were beautifully decorated with plants and cut flowers. After supper the reports of the different church societies were presented, and later in the evening toasts and impromptu speeches were given. The reports gave evidence of the active and successful work being done by the Sunday-school, the Ladies' Circle, the Unity Club, and the Young People's Union. The ladies of the Unity Circle had especial cause to congratulate themselves, as during this last year they finished paying entirely for the fine $3,000 Roosevelt organ purchased three

years ago. Sioux City is fast becoming a liberal centre, as our pastors do much missionary work. They have organized a liberal society at Cherokee, which will soon dedicate a new church building. There being no other Unitarian church near, the pastors have many calls outside the city, and, realizing the growing demand for liberal preaching, are directing the thoughts of a number of promising young people toward the ministry. The spiritual and intellectual life of the church, fostered by the pulpit and study clubs, is a power in the community, and testifies to the superior work being done by Miss Safford and Miss Gordon.—*Christian Register.*

Warwick, Mass.— Rev. Francis S. Thacher preached his last sermon as pastor of the Unitarian church Sunday, April 29. It was an excellent practical discourse on the essential conditions of successful church life. During his pastorate Mr. Thacher has labored earnestly for the welfare of the society, and he has many friends who sincerely regret his departure.

At the meeting of the Unity Club, Tuesday evening, Miss M. A. Ball read an excellent paper on the life and career of John Brown of Ossawatomie. Miss Jones read extracts from an article in the May *New England Magazine* on "Brown's Life in Springfield," Miss Hoxie an autobiographical letter, and Misses G. E. and B. F. Ball read two of his speeches. A rare version of "John Brown's Body," consisting of several thrilling stanzas, was sung. At the close of the exercises Miss M. A. Ball spoke of how successful and profitable the meetings of the club had been, and, in behalf of the members, thanked Rev. Mr. Thacher for his kindness in organizing and carrying it on. On motion of Mr. Bass a vote of thanks to Mr. Thacher was unanimously passed. Mr. Thacher made a brief response, expressing his best wishes for the future success of the club.

Washta, Ia.—Miss Mary A. Safford preached for us on Sunday, April 22. The preacher's subject was "Sympathy,"— certainly a fine theme for a liberal sermon, and made doubly so when coming from the lips of Miss Safford. The text was, "Rejoice with those that do rejoice, and weep with those that weep."

The liberals here have purchased a nice organ, and we have always been very successful in getting some good singers to lead.

F. S. C.

West Bridgewater, Mass.—Rev. Samuel Hamlet has resigned the pastorate of the First Unitarian Congregational Church. He has had a successful settlement of over five years, and will be greatly missed here.

Nothing can alter the responsibility which is laid upon each soul.—*Westcott.*

JESUS.

They may be right who say 'tis best
To let the mystic Jesus rest,
The Jesus whom men deified,
The God who wept and bled and died.

But him, our gracious human friend,
We'll keep till time itself shall end;
That sacred and beloved face
Shall never vanish from our race.

O brethren! think whate'er you may
About his name and place to-day;
But only love him,—we are one,
And naught shall part us 'neath the sun!

And some of us shall ever gaze
Upon his human looks and ways,
And some of us may deem divine
The love which from those eyes did shine.

But we shall all possess our friend,
His being we shall comprehend,
In every varying light and shade,
Till we are in his likeness made.

That glorious likeness each shall find,
To suit the yearning of his mind,
And own him king, with loyal breath,
Who was our servant unto death!

MARTHA PERRY LOWE.

Somerville, Mass.

SUCCESSFUL PREACHING.

The most successful preacher is not he who can make the clearest intellectual statement: it is he who can speak the truth in love, he whose word persuades while it convinces. The two must go together,—light and heat. If we preachers fail, I think we must generally blame ourselves for some defect in our way of presenting the truth. Either our thinking is muddy—we have not ourselves a clear vision of divine realities —or we speak over the people's heads, using the language which is familiar only to a few; or our love runs low, so that what is spoken only from the head never reaches the heart. I think all true preaching *penetrates:* it is a living word, and it carries life, it wakens life. It is always personal, it comes home to each heart as a message to himself. It is an impulse passing from one mind to another, as lightning flashes from cloud to cloud. The Christian gospel seems to me like a vibration from the heart of God, transmitted through some human hearts to others, a movement of life, like waves of light and heat, from the centre outward to the utmost bounds of his creation, as if he thus imparted something of himself to us all and through us all.—*Charles G. Ames.*

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